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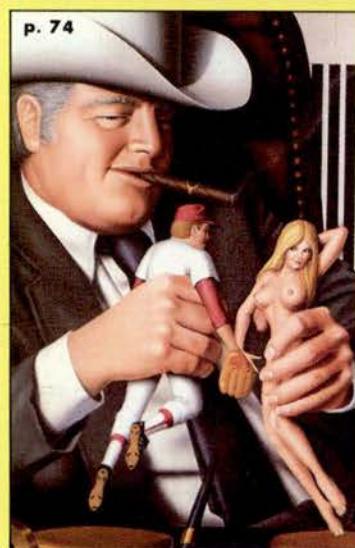
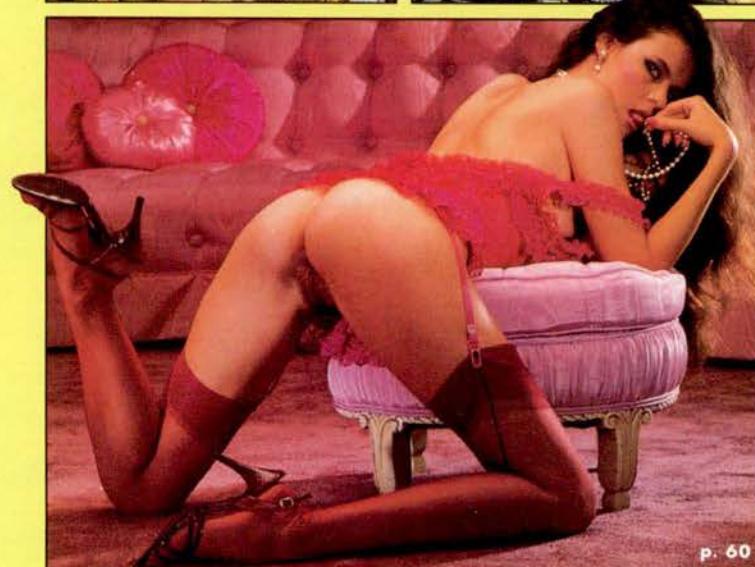
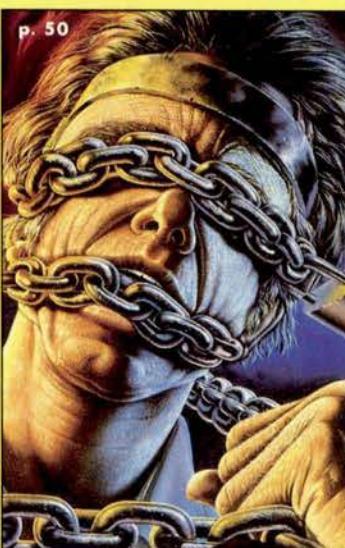
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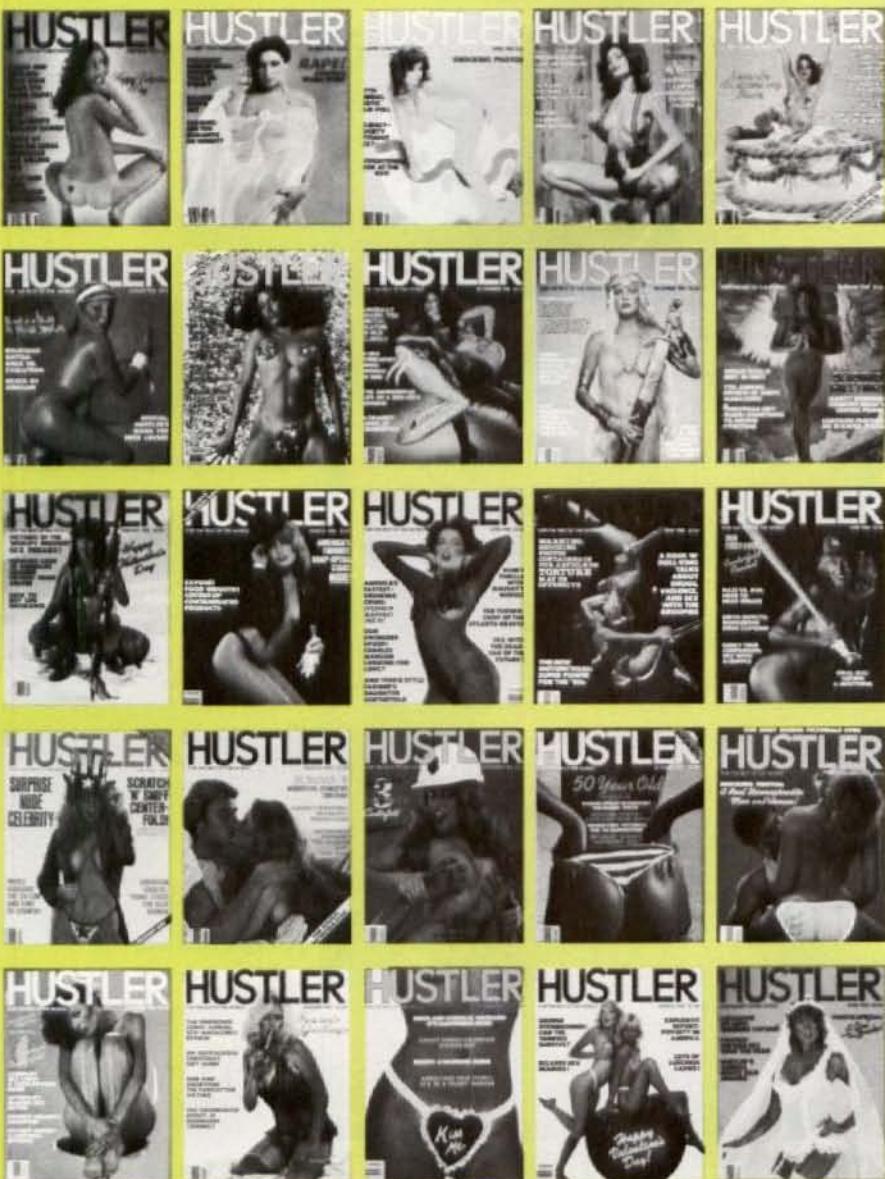
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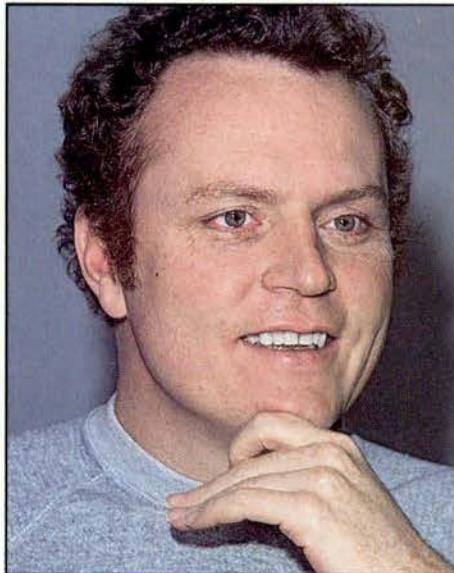
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# PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



## HUSTLER Cartoons

**H**USTLER may be best known for its daring erotic photography, but the one feature of the magazine that gets by far the greatest response is the cartoons. On the one hand, they're our most popular attraction, always topping the list on our reader surveys. On the other hand, we get more hate mail about them than you could possibly imagine.

In other words, as far as HUSTLER cartoons go, you either love them or hate them. And to tell you the truth, that's just the kind of reaction they deserve.

Like everything else in the magazine, our cartoons are bold and often irreverent. I'll leave it to the tamer magazines to publish middle-of-the-road cartoons that everyone might get a small chuckle out of. That's just not HUSTLER's style. A HUSTLER cartoon can knock you out laughing. It can offend you. It can even piss you off. But it will *never* put you to sleep.

Naturally, with that approach, not everyone is going to like every cartoon. But I still think most of the people who complain about the cartoons are missing the mark. For example, one thing I hear a lot is "Sometimes they're just *not funny*."

Well, this may come as a surprise to some people, but a lot of the time our cartoons aren't supposed to be funny. I often pick cartoons that make a particular statement, sometimes with a total absence of humor. For example, when we ran one depicting the horrible slaughter and destruction in the Middle East, with two soldiers wondering why "they still call this the Holy Land," nobody was expected to slap his knee and burst out in a belly laugh. That was simply a social comment in the long tradition of political cartooning.

If that cartoon made just one person think a little harder about what's going on in this world, then it did its job.

Another frequent accusation is that HUSTLER cartoons are racist. That's just plain ridiculous. There's a big difference between racism and mocking *racial stereotypes*. Like it or not, racial stereotypes do exist in people's minds. You can either ignore those false notions and hope they go away (which they won't), or put them right out in the open and make fun of them. HUSTLER does the latter, and I'm convinced it's the healthier course.

It's especially absurd to call our cartoons racist since, over the years, we've been making jokes about every race there is. In fact, we've poked fun at just about every kind of *person* there is, including me. If nothing else, HUSTLER is an equal-opportunity offender.

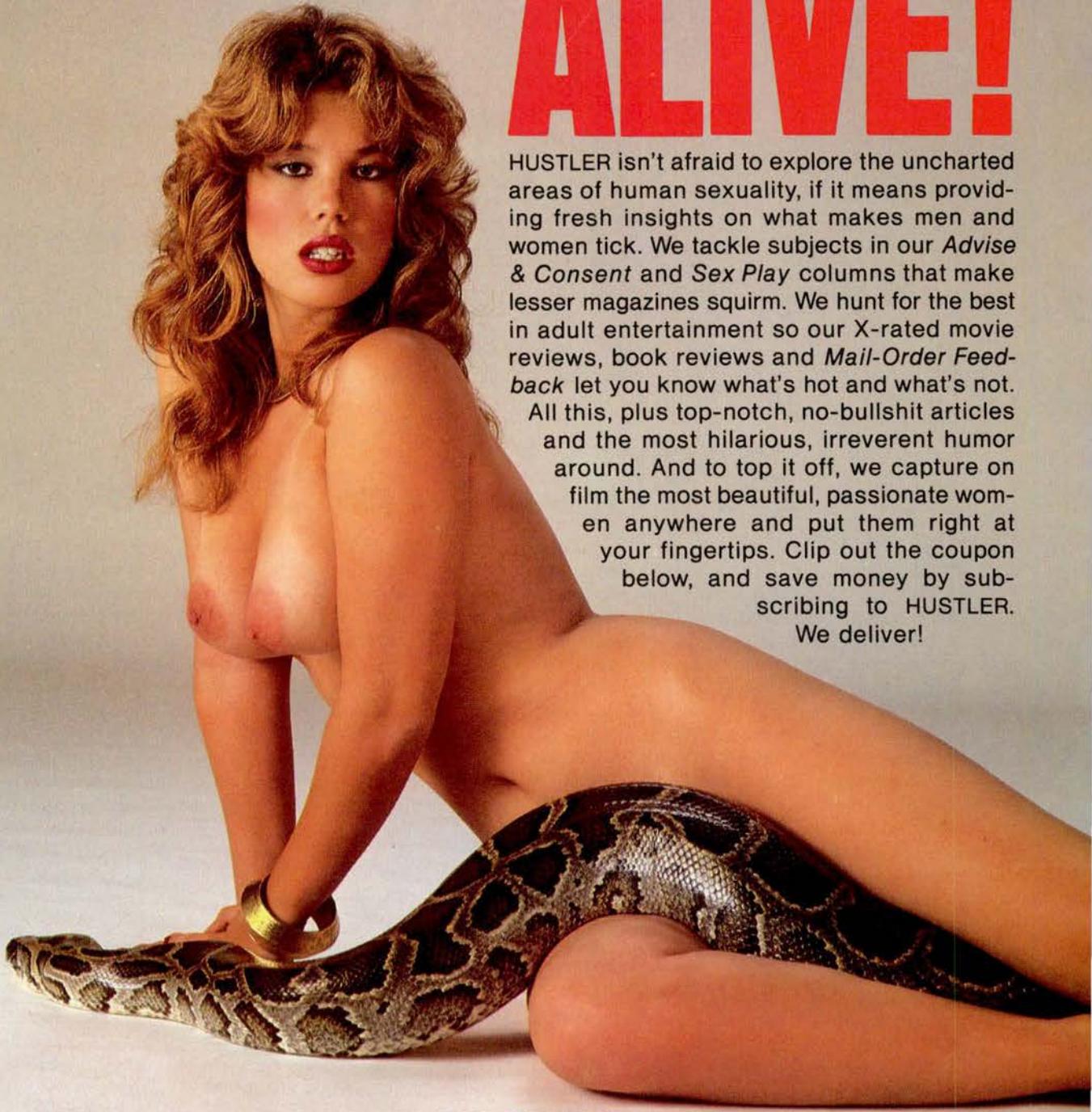
I'm proud of HUSTLER's cartoonists—Dwaine Tinsley, John Billette, George Trosley, Dan Collins and the rest. I'm particularly impressed with their ability to *move* people by making them laugh *and* think. As for those people who otherwise enjoy the magazine but are turned off by the cartoons, I sincerely hope they can change their attitude to get the full impact of what HUSTLER's all about.

After all, when we lose the ability to laugh at what goes on around us, we've lost everything. And that's no joke.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Larry Flynt".

Publisher

# **WE BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE!**



HUSTLER isn't afraid to explore the uncharted areas of human sexuality, if it means providing fresh insights on what makes men and women tick. We tackle subjects in our *Advise & Consent* and *Sex Play* columns that make lesser magazines squirm. We hunt for the best in adult entertainment so our X-rated movie reviews, book reviews and *Mail-Order Feedback* let you know what's hot and what's not. All this, plus top-notch, no-bullshit articles and the most hilarious, irreverent humor around. And to top it off, we capture on film the most beautiful, passionate women anywhere and put them right at your fingertips. Clip out the coupon below, and save money by subscribing to HUSTLER. We deliver!

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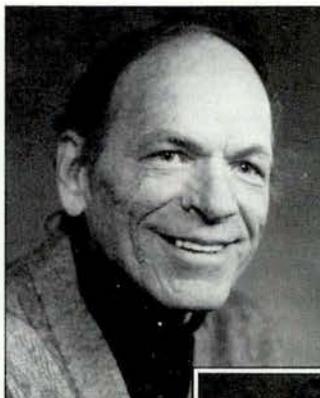
**I**t's actually a *miracle* that you are allowed to read what you're holding in your hands. Self-righteous, Bible-thumping purveyors of the "good and moral" have been dogging creative journalistic talents since they were burning witches at the stake in the Middle Ages. And HUSTLER has, for nearly a decade, been a target of those oppressive groups that would rather you stroll through life with blinders on than know what's really transpiring in our turbulent world.

This month, **ROBERT McGARVEY** examines the long history of such suppression of thought in **CENSORSHIP: WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW**. McGarvey had his first experience with censorship while still in high school. "I wrote something for my high-school paper on the silliness of school sports," he recalls. "The administration prevented its publication because it was too controversial." A frequent contributor to HUSTLER, McGarvey has just completed his latest book, *The Complete Spy*. According to the Los Angeles-based writer, the book—which should be hitting the shelves soon—is a "nonfiction, technological handbook on spying."

Recently, millions of TV viewers watched as a Korean-born boxer named Duk Koo Kim was beaten to death in Las Vegas by a 22-year-old Italian-American from Youngstown, Ohio. Once again opponents of the violent sport had reason to speak out, and young Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini found himself at the center of the age-old controversy concerning the inhumanity of boxing. In this month's profile, **BOOM BOOM MANCINI: DEATH HAUNTS A CHAMPION**, author **BEN PESTA**

looks deeply into the life of the local - legend - turned - national - hero whose career almost ended after that fateful night. An avid boxing fan, Pesta felt especially involved in the research of Mancini's life. "The first boxing death I remember was Benny 'Kid' Paret, who was killed in a championship bout with Emile Griffith in the early '60s," says Pesta. "I decided then and there to set my championship aspirations aside and opt for a safer career." The photograph of Mancini was taken by veteran lensman **WILLIAM HART**. He spent an entire day with the boxer in order to get just the right shot. The New York-based photographer's credits include *Omni* magazine and TV's *That's Incredible*.

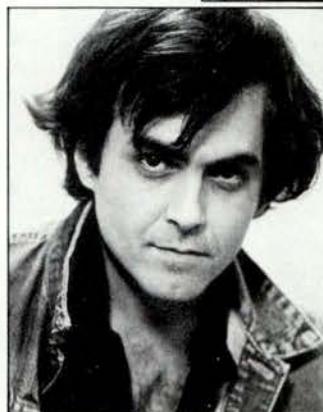
You don't usually associate



Tom Garst



Ben Pesta



Robert McGarvey

sex with death, but as **MICHAEL ALLEN**'s *Sex Play* this month reveals, a man *can* kill with an act of love. In **SEXUAL ALLERGIES: RARE BUT DEADLY**, Allen probes the latest medical findings that prove some women are fatally allergic to male semen. He also points out how a woman with such an allergy can protect herself and still enjoy a healthy sex life. A veteran writer of many articles dealing with sexuality, Allen was greatly disturbed by his findings. "It's a frightening thing for a person to have sex one evening and then realize that it could have killed her," says Allen. "I was personally interested in discovering all I could about this condition. Thank God it's not common."

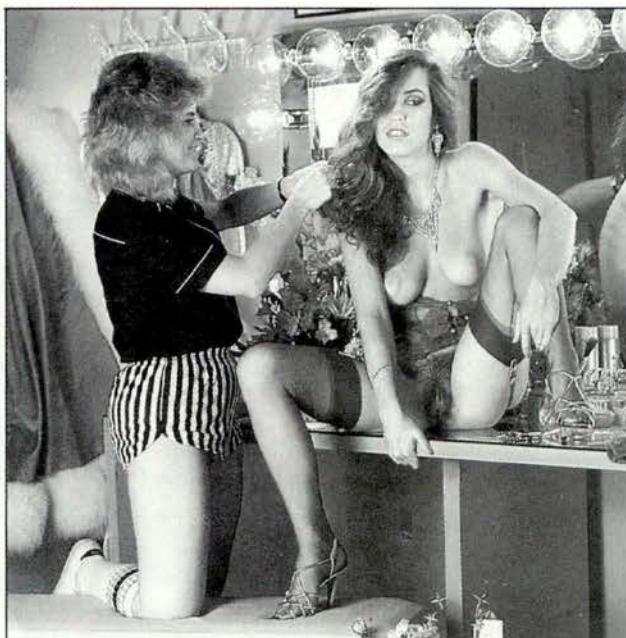
May's fiction is an off-beat love story with an ironic twist that combines major-league baseball, high finance—and sex. Known primarily for his pot-boiler mysteries (such as his October 1982 HUSTLER thriller, *Incident in Berlin*), **ANTON GOLAN** spins a new sort of yarn in **FREE AGENT**. It's one you *won't* read in *Sports Illustrated* or *True Confessions*.

If you're a fan of Honey, our wily cartoon hooker, you're well aware that **HONEY** illustrator, **TOM GARST**, is one of the most erotic artists around. What you probably *didn't* know is that Garst is a former English professor who spent 22 years at the University of Mexico. In 1979 his hobby of drawing cartoons turned into a new profession for Garst, and today the painstaking effort he puts into every *Honey* episode is his mainstay and his livelihood. This month, **BRUCE HELFORD**'s witty script and Garst's skillful paintbrush combine to give our animated hooker a technological taste of Japan. Honey's spicy sexploits will have you wishing she were real!

The girls of HUSTLER are visual feasts every month, but unlike many men's magazines, we don't drown our models in cosmetics before photographing them. Tre-

mendous care is taken in preparing each lady for her photo-session, and we make absolutely sure she is not "sculpted" into something artificial. One reason for our success is our stable of top-notch makeup artists. Their talent for subtly highlighting a face makes them as important as the cameramen themselves. You'll witness their expertise in May's pictorial **DUSTY: STAGE STRUCK**. Though a natural beauty herself, Dusty is thankful to our makeup staff for helping her to be just "that much" more appealing to the camera.

These are just *some* of the people who work behind the scenes to bring you HUSTLER, the magazine that *no one's* been able to censor, no matter how hard they try. 



Makeup artist Susan Green and Dusty

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**Fair Game:** Your February centerfold, *Darby: Fair Game*, was simply fan-fucking-tastic.

Darby shouldn't be a maid—she should be a goddess everyone could worship! And that's what you've made her by including her photographs in *HUSTLER*. —Roger Hooker

Walled Lake, Michigan

*Darby: Fair Game* was out of this world! I just wish you had pictured her smoking a long, sexy cigarette.

I think beautiful women are even more beautiful when they smoke. Have you ever considered picturing a girl standing or sitting while smoking, getting ready to take on her man? What a turn-on!

I'm sure there are lots of men who share my excitement for beautiful women who smoke. —D. M.

Cumberland, Maryland

*Maybe so. But we prefer our models healthy as well as beautiful.*

**Girl to Girl:** On behalf of the enlisted men of the United States Navy, thank you for your March photo-feature of the two girls in *Naval Maneuvers*.

We've always thought female sailors were dykes too!

One note about accuracy, however: The "ensign" and "lieutenant" in that pictorial were both wearing enlisted insignias on their shirts. In the future, please see to it that enlisted people are wearing enlisted uniforms, and officers are wearing the uniforms of officers.

—Sailors  
USS Koelsch



Naval Maneuvers



Darby: Fair Game

Even though I really enjoy your photo-layouts depicting two women together, I'd enjoy them even more if you would feature some ladies who aren't white.

I'm not prejudiced against Caucasians. But it would be a real prick-lifter if you showed two black or Puerto Rican women in the throes of hot passion.

Please consider it!

—Name Withheld by Request  
Newark, New Jersey

**Photo Feedback:** For a long time I've said that *Beaver Hunt* is the only thing that keeps me buying *HUSTLER*. That's still my favorite section, but lately I've noticed improvement in several other areas of the magazine.

Your photo-layouts are getting hotter and hotter, and the girls are getting prettier all the time. Pardon my French, but you used to have some real dogs. Now you have beauties in every issue. *Christmas Eve* in the January issue was cute. And in February, *Kristen* was a knockout, while *Darby* was even better.

The pictorials involving more than one person seem to be getting bolder too. While we haven't seen prick in pussy yet, we have seen men's hands on tits and cunts, as well as women's hands on cocks.

Keep up the good work, and I'll keep renewing my subscription!

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

*HUSTLER* seems to be a curious mix of the wonderfully erotic—and the thoroughly tasteless and disgusting!

The pictorial of the hermaphrodite

(November 1982) and that of the pregnant woman (*Marlene: Special Delivery*, December 1982) clearly belong in the latter category.

I think that most of your readers are like me—good, middle-of-the-road sex nuts. You do us no favor by trying to appeal to a small minority of mentally sick deviates. —Bill Mella

Los Angeles, California

**Ready for Kristen:** Congratulations for some great overall work in your February issue. The part that really knocked me out, though, was the pictorial *Kristen: Getting Ready*.

Rather than employing the usual trite phrases to describe such a beautiful lady, let me just say that Kristen struck me as "classically graceful."

If she ever decides to travel to Europe, I will gladly act as her tour guide and interpreter through the German-speaking countries. —D. B. M. Jr.

Salzburg, Austria

If you see *Kristen* anytime soon, please tell her that I find her prettier, sexier and more photogenic than



Kristen: Getting Ready

Raquel Welch, Cheryl Tiegs and Annette Haven put together.

Let us see her again in an upcoming issue. She is without a doubt among the ten most beautiful women ever to have graced the pages of *HUSTLER Magazine*.

—Gary Roecker  
Morton, Illinois

**Buy American:** Hallelujah! Larry Flynt finally wrote a *Publisher's Statement* I can totally agree with! The only

problem with "Buy American" (March), though, is that too many items aren't manufactured in the United States to begin with. Take videotape recorders, for example. Where are the American-made VCRs? Wanting to buy American, I recently purchased a VCR put out by RCA, only to discover that it was actually made in Japan!

Shame on American industry.

Incidentally, I own a Ford and a Chevrolet—and I'm pleased with both.

—Ken Rombough  
Glendale, Arizona

I'm a regular HUSTLER reader who usually agrees with your editorial philosophy. But I have to take issue with Larry Flynt's February *Publisher's Statement*, "Jobs: The Top Priority."

If you look in the want ads of any newspaper, you'll find hundreds of job openings—and most of them with no takers! People are just not willing to work for \$5, \$6 or \$7 an hour anymore. All they do is collect unemployment and try to make others feel sorry for their plight. I say that's bullshit!

I've been laid off from two jobs within the last year, but each time I was able to acquire another one. I had to take a cut in pay, sure, but at least I had work and a steady paycheck.

Until American workers are willing to

settle for lower wages, U.S. businesses will never become competitive with foreign importers. And unless our companies get competitive soon, even more people are going to lose their jobs.

—James F. Kaiser  
Presque Isle, Maine

I've never written to a magazine before, but I had to express my appreciation for your very accurate February *Publisher's Statement* about the nation's depressed economy.

I have looked repeatedly for a job, but so far with no success. Those who try to deny that our country is in bad shape should try pounding the pavement like I have. They'd soon find out how wrong they are.

Thanks for an informative magazine that tells the truth about today's world.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**All-Time Asshole:** Assholes like Reo Christenson (*Asshole of the Month*, February) are so bent on damning sex as "sinful," "dangerous" and "immoral," they fail to recognize that HUSTLER is both decent and moral.

HUSTLER has consistently presented sex as a healthy, natural and pleasurable act between mature people. It has never advocated irresponsibility.

Christenson and those who adhere to his principles are the truly immoral ones. They claim to speak for God, but surely a God who loves His children would have intended one of their most-performed acts—sex—to be both healthy and pleasurable. HUSTLER has emphasized this over the years.

In this horrible, violent world, it's really a shame that people like Christenson place sex alongside terrible crimes like murder and rape. Let me be the first to nominate him and his clones as Assholes of All Time.

—C. E.

Las Cruces, New Mexico

Your February *Asshole of the Month* column about political-science professor Reo Christenson was mistitled. It should have been called "Fuckhead of the Month."

Christenson himself ought to be thrown in jail for fucking up our freedoms.

Good job, HUSTLER—and keep up the good work!

—F. M.

Leadville, Colorado

**Red and White:** I read Bill Lawren's interview of Vernon Bellecourt, *Indian on the Warpath*, in the February issue, and I must say that he spoke well for me and all other native Americans. I have experienced all the problems he talked about—especially while living in my home state of South Dakota.

Due to a shortage of jobs on the reservation, I am presently serving in the U.S. Navy. But like the song says, "Though I wear a white man's shirt and tie, I'm still a red man deep inside."

—Joshua Bryan Logg Jr.  
Norfolk, Virginia

I want to express my thanks to Bill Lawren and the editors of HUSTLER for their honest and accurate presentation of my views in the February issue. There is one small clarification that I would like to make, however. When I spoke of the disappearance of 100,000 acres of Indian land being held in trust by the federal government, with no return of the income to the Indians, I was speaking only of the land stolen from my own tribe, the Anishanabi. Nationwide, that figure is 100 million acres. I think this will help your readers understand the size and scale of the current robbery of the American Indian by the government, which has pledged over and over again to protect our interests. Some protection!

—Vernon Bellecourt  
White Earth, Minnesota

**Incest:** I'm a 20-year-old housewife who has just read Francesca Porter's *Sex Play*, "Incest: A Warning Guide," in



"I did it! I found your G spot!"



"All you had to do was make one lousy phone call. But no-o-o . . .!"

your February issue. It has left me with some very strong feelings.

I can really relate to the article because at the age of eight I was molested by my mother's boyfriend. If I had any children of my own, I would definitely read Porter's article to them. Had I known about the sickening subject when I was younger, maybe the hurt would have been easier to take.

Thank you! I feel like you published that *Sex Play* just for me!

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

I was bothered and hurt by the last paragraph of Francesca Porter's "Incest: A Warning Guide." It stated that "sexually abused children will grow up to raise sexually abused children."

I was sexually abused by my two brothers and their friends from the time I was three until I turned 16. Incest is wrong, ugly and dirty, and it's taken me a long time to get over it.

Now I have a beautiful son of my own who's almost five years old. I have no desire to abuse him sexually or any other way. He's a part of me. The only desire I have is to raise him with care and love, the best way I know how—and to put the ugly past behind.

—N. C. Randolph  
Address Withheld by Request

*Yours is a heart-warming success story. Unfortunately, it's a sad fact that most abused children who later become parents mistreat their offspring in the same way. Through education, however, maybe more victims of child abuse will be able to follow your example.*

**John Jollies:** While HUSTLER's January issue was great all over, I really got my jollies from the "Olivia Newton John" toilet in the *Christmas Gift Guide*.

My roommate, on the other hand, just about shit when he saw that item because Olivia is his favorite singer! I don't like her at all.

Thanks a lot for making my day.

—S. P. G.  
Willmar, Minnesota

**Funny Lift:** I've just read your February issue, and needless to say, I was delighted.

For me, the funniest item in *Bits & Pieces* was "Give Her a Lift," where the guy's hoisting up his lady's ass with a car jack. I just might try it sometime.

—Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

**Feedback Replies:** I just read February's *Feedback* section, and I got mad as hell seeing those letters complaining about your cartoons, the hermaphrodite

pictorial (November 1982) and *Lulu*, the August 1982 centerfold.

There's a simple solution available to all those people who get so upset by HUSTLER Magazine: They can stop buying it! I say to all of them: "Up your nose—because you don't know anything, assholes."

My husband and I enjoy reading HUSTLER every month. Keep up the great work!

—R. Sweitzer  
Baltimore, Maryland

I'm writing about all those asshole readers who bitch about HUSTLER's cartoons and pictorials. They're all dickheads! Those people should save their complaining for someone who wants to listen. HUSTLER is the best men's magazine on the market. Keep up the excellent work! —James Owings

Hartland, Michigan

**Critiques:** I recently bought the February HUSTLER, and the only improvement I noticed was the addition of "phone sex" ads in *Mail-Order Mania*. Evidently you are now catering to shit-eating maggots and puke-eating perverts. Maybe Larry Flynt is into eating scummy gash and sucking cock at the same time.

Aside from giving new meaning to the word *degenerate*, you still have good articles and fine-looking women.

—Gerald Lippis  
Spokane, Washington

I want you to know how much of a disappointment HUSTLER's been to me the last three times I spent my hard-earned money on it.

A few months ago I picked up a copy of your magazine at the newsstand, took it home and found a fat, hideous pig in the centerfold. The next time I bought a copy, the centerfold was a pregnant woman. That pissed me off even more, but I decided that I'd give you one more chance.

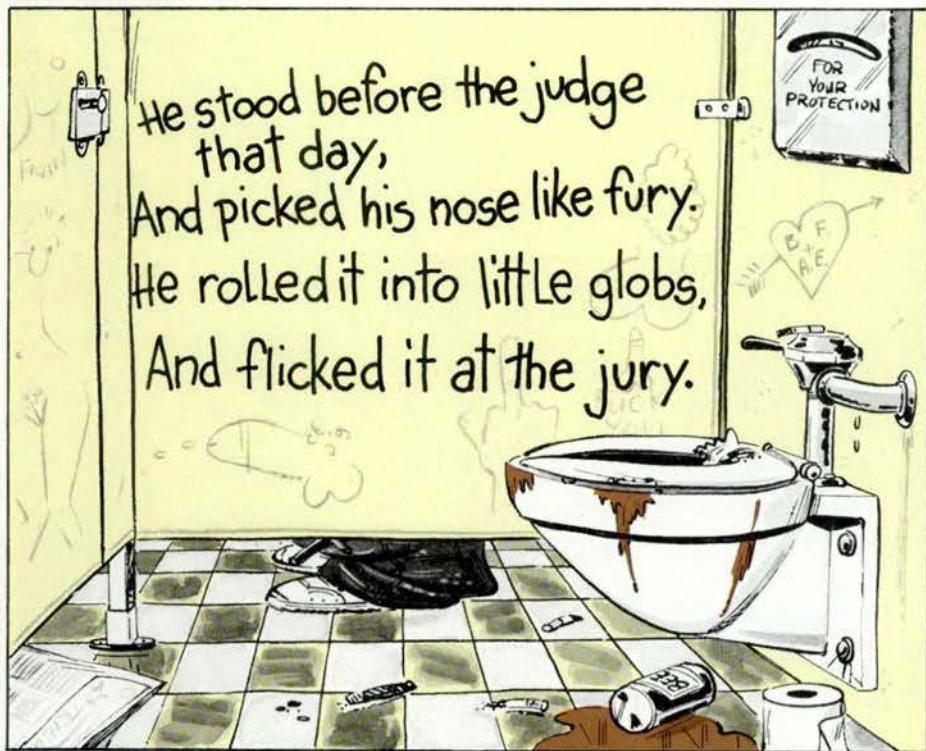
I bought *Volume 8*, opened it up and counted at least 11 cartoons and a *Kinky Korner* that had *all been published in HUSTLER before!*

Maybe you don't give a shit about one reader, but I've been a loyal fan for a long time. Is there any reason I should not feel like you ripped me off?

—Drew Palmier  
Montpelier, Ohio

*Actually, there is. You bought the most recent volume of *The Best of HUSTLER*, an annual publication containing the finest work of our writers, illustrators, photographers and cartoonists from the previous year. Next time, check out the big print on the cover first.*

## GRAFFILTHY



Thanks And \$25 to B.F. Kent, England

# World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

A convicted thief was set free from an Idaho prison because the state has no facilities for people undergoing sex-change operations. Shawn Warren, formerly Cynthia Reed, was in the middle of a sex change from female to male when arrested. Warren had been kept in solitary confinement because officials didn't know whether to put the prisoner in the men's or women's sections. A judge finally put Warren on probation and ordered psychiatric counseling.

Looking for a job with plenty of free time and the chance to meet lots of interesting people? Students from Florida State and Florida A&M universities earn \$5 an hour watching people go to the bathroom in elementary and secondary schools and community colleges. Armed with stopwatches and notebooks, the students are part of a \$45,000 state study to determine whether too many restrooms are being built. "We tried to hire mature people, and we held orientation sessions," reports survey director Tim White. "We told them where to stand."

An enterprising Manhattan Beach, California, man has started a special dating service for people with herpes. Clement Mosseri says that for \$55 the dating service will mail you three to ten names of fellow herpes sufferers every 45 days. And it's so confidential that the name of the firm--Herpes Dating Service--won't even appear on the return address of its letters.

A 13-year-old Sulphur, Louisiana, boy was arrested for trying to blow up his school. After police caught him leaving the schoolyard with a knapsack full of tools, he admitted to rigging a time bomb to explode late at night. "He just didn't like school," local police reported.

Pakistan's highest Islamic court has handed down new, humane guidelines for flogging--a common form of punishment for such offenses as drinking or adultery. Among the new rules: Elderly people are to be given rest periods between floggings. Women may remain seated while they are lashed. Pregnant women may not be lashed until two months after they have given birth. And no flogging whatsoever can be carried out when the weather is too hot or too cold. Declared one court official: "You see, Islamic punishment is not as harsh as it is made out to be in the Western press." Indeed!

A deliveryman in Salt Lake City, Utah, thought it was a dream-come-true recently when he spotted a naked woman waving from her apartment window. But when he started climbing the fire escape toward her, the woman began screaming. The man fled, but returned a few minutes later with money--thinking, perhaps, that she was a prostitute. By then, however, the lady had called the police, who promptly grabbed the poor guy. It turned out her naked farewell had been aimed at her boyfriend, not at the deliveryman. No charges were filed.

A record number of men in Bangkok, Thailand, turned out for free vasectomies to celebrate their king's 55th birthday. Officials of the nation's Population and Community Development Association reported that it was all part of a drive to lower the overpopulated nation's birthrate. Many of the participants were inspired to undergo the procedure by the number-three song on the Thai hit charts, which--and this is the honest truth--is called "I'm Vasectomized." It must lose something in the translation.

A Fort Lauderdale woman is suing a Florida man for \$100,000, claiming that he gave her herpes after deceiving her into thinking he was disease-free. Susan Liptrot filed the lawsuit in Broward County, alleging she and the defendant engaged in sex after she'd been assured he had no communicable diseases. The following morning, however, Liptrot noticed a sore on the defendant's body. Two days later she came down with "fever, swollen glands and sores on her genitals."

# *John Holmes Offers...*

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**Annie:** Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

**Mr. Stud:** Actually, no, Annie. I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

**Annie:** What did you do? How did you overcome it?

**Mr. Stud:** I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

**Annie:** I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

**Mr. Stud:** I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

**Annie:** Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

**Mr. Stud:** That's great, Annie. If you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

## **BREAKTHROUGH**

**Annie:** Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, but already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis can be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

**Mr. Stud:** If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

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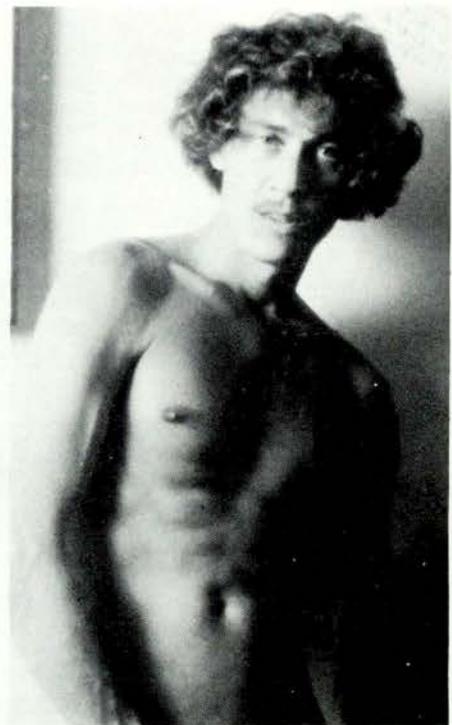
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**Advise & Consent** is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, **Advise & Consent** Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

**Edited by Karen Thompson**

**Bent Penis:** I am 22 and a virgin because my penis isn't straight. It bends very much to the left when it is erect, and it is scarred. I know this isn't the case with most men, and I'm afraid for a woman to see me naked. Is there anything I can do to correct this situation?

—B. B.

Albany, New York

A bent and scarred penis is most likely the result of a condition known as Peyronie's disease. Its cause is unknown. As a result of the disease, the tissue on one side of the penis becomes less flexible than the tissue on the other side. During erection, when these tissues are flooded with blood, one side of the penis expands more than the other, causing the penis to bend.

It is unlikely that the condition of your penis can be corrected. See your doctor, however; in early stages X-ray treatment may be beneficial.

But your situation can be much improved upon. With experience you will find that a penis with a bend such as yours can be perfectly functional. The vagina is very flexible, and the penis—once it is inserted beyond the vaginal sphincter muscles—does what it is made to do without problems. If you can sexually satisfy a lady, she won't care that your penis looks a little different. Experience in lovemaking should ease your fears and do wonders for your self-confidence.

**Older Woman:** I am 23 years old and have just met a lady who really turns me on. However, I'm concerned about one thing. She's 38 years old. Could this create any problems in our sex life?

—M. W.

Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania

We're not going to tell you that there are no problems in a relationship with a woman 15 years older than you are. But, sexually speaking, you probably have everything to gain and nothing to lose from the difference in your ages. If your relationship with this lady is a strong one, with good emotional as well as physical intercourse, her being older should not create any sexual disadvantages. In fact, if the two of you communicate well, she can probably teach you a few things.

Many psychologists believe that the older a woman is, the more sexually free she is likely to be. She will probably have a better understanding of her own sexual needs and of the sexual needs of her man. In other words, there is a good chance that your older lady will be better in bed than most women your own age. She will simply be more experienced.

So if you are really happy with the relationship that develops, relax and enjoy it. There is no real evidence that the difference in your ages will cause any problems in the bedroom.

**No Time for Sex:** My wife and I both have very demanding jobs. By the time we get home from work, take care of chores and have dinner, we find we need our sleep. We simply do not have time for sex, although we're both very horny. My wife has suggested that we set aside certain times of the week for lovemaking, but this doesn't sound very spontaneous or romantic to me. Does this sound like a good solution to you?

—T. V.

St. Paul, Minnesota

Planned sex sure sounds better than no sex at all. Actually, your problem is becoming more and more common in our busy and demand-

ing world today. Many couples are making appointments with each other for the purpose of sex, and it isn't really a bad idea. After all, we make appointments to take in movies, sporting events and just about any other activity that we enjoy.

Dr. James Maddock, a psychologist who heads Meta Resources (a sex-therapy clinic located in your hometown of St. Paul) advocates scheduled sex for busy couples. He suggests that you sit down with your wife and plan weekly "erotic assignments"—activities that will lead to lovemaking. For example, plan to give your wife a sexy massage after dinner on Tuesday night, or perhaps plan to bathe together on Thursday evening.

By being creative you and your wife can make planning sexual encounters an exciting part of your busy lives. And of course, those spontaneous moments that do happen will enhance your sex life even more!

**Shrinking Foreskin:** I am an 18-year-old uncircumcised man. During the last year or so my foreskin appears to be shrinking. It seems to cover less and less of my penis. Could this be anything serious?

—A. W.

Atlanta, Georgia

Probably not. The penis usually attains its complete size by the early teens and does not



"Hello, Houston? I think I just found Jimmy Hoffa!"

continue to grow after this. On uncircumcised men, the foreskin should cover the entire penis and perhaps extend slightly beyond.

Because the foreskin is highly elastic and somewhat more fragile and sensitive than other skin, it is more likely to experience internal scarring as the result of small cuts and contusions. These minor injuries can sometimes be the result of forceful or inadequately lubricated intercourse.

In uncircumcised men, this scarring sometimes results in a condition known as phimosis. That occurs when the scarring prevents the foreskin from sliding back and forth over the penis as it should. Because the foreskin is retracted, it appears to be shorter.

With a simple exercise you may be able to remedy this condition. After a hot bath, intercourse or masturbation, stretch the foreskin forward over the tip of your penis several times. If after a few weeks this doesn't help your condition, or if you begin to experience pain or tenderness, consult your doctor.

**Droopy:** My wife is about to have a baby. I don't want her to breast-feed the baby, because I hear it will make her tits droopy. She says this isn't true. Is it?

—K. D.  
Decatur, Georgia

Your wife is correct on this one. The suppleness of a woman's breasts varies from woman

to woman. Pregnancy may cause the breasts to stretch and enlarge to a certain degree. But breast-feeding itself, according to Dr. Stanley A. Gall of the Duke University Medical Center, will not cause breasts to sag.

"If she is an individual who is destined to have flabby breasts following pregnancy," Dr. Gall reports, "this will occur whether she is breast-feeding or not. Her breasts will be no more flabby for her breast-feeding than if she had not breast-fed."

So if your wife desires to, let her breast-feed. It will not affect her breasts.

**Fake Orgasm:** Lately, when my boyfriend and I make love, he's been getting soft almost as soon as he enters me. He says that it is just a quick orgasm, but I don't think that is what's happening at all. There doesn't seem to be any cum in my pussy afterwards, and there sure used to be. I am sure that he is faking an orgasm. Why would he do this? Is there anything I can do for him?

—B. W.

Seattle, Washington

According to sexual-psychology experts, it is common for a man to fake orgasm if he is suffering from a sexual problem, such as erectile dysfunction (inability to keep a hard-on). Generally, a man will fake an orgasm to protect himself from the embarrassment of

not being able to maintain an erection.

Dr. Jeffrey C. Fracher, a clinical psychologist with the Sexual Counseling Service at Rutgers University Medical School, offers two possible reasons why a man would fake orgasm: "The man probably subjects himself to a great deal of performance pressure and is unable to openly acknowledge failure. Secondly, it may occur in the context of a poor relationship in which the man thinks his partner is critical or in which the trust level and communication are not sufficient to address sexual problems."

In other words, it is possible that your boyfriend is faking orgasm to "save face." Perhaps he is feeling pressure to perform and is afraid of looking like a failure as a sex partner. He may also be thinking, either consciously or unconsciously, that he is not a terrific fuck and that you'll be unhappy with him if he doesn't satisfy you. This sort of anxiety could be causing the loss of his hard-on in the first place.

The best thing you can do is level with your boyfriend, and perhaps he will in turn level with you. Good communication and honesty is essential in any successful relationship. If this doesn't help him maintain his erection, or if you find that he's unable to be honest with you, perhaps you should both see a qualified sex therapist. He or she can help your boyfriend return to a sex life that is free of anxiety. ☺

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# Bits & Pieces

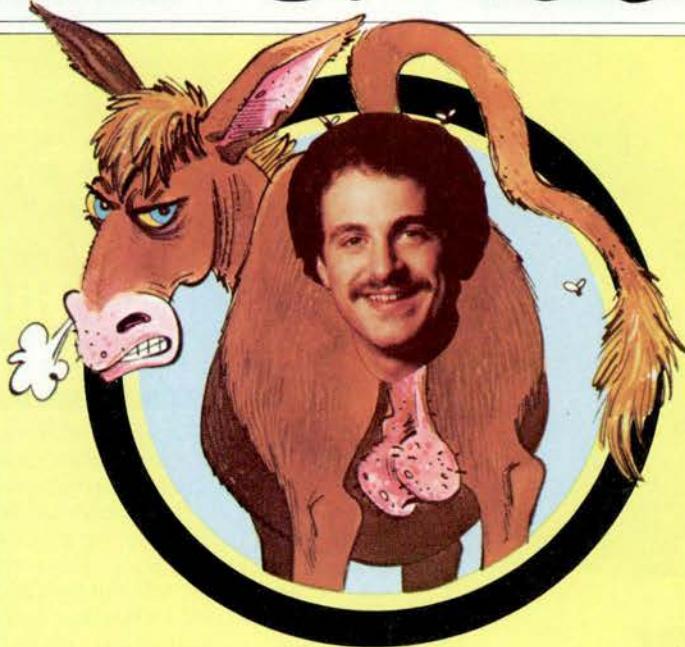
**A**ssholes are everywhere, it seems—even in little, out-of-the-way places like Hot Springs, Arkansas. That's the stomping ground of the Reverend Don Hutchings, who has justly earned the title of HUSTLER's May Asshole of the Month.

Hutchings has this totally asinine idea that many rock 'n' roll records contain secret messages about the devil, which have been recorded backwards. He's convinced that these Satanic messages affect what and how young people think, turning them to sin even if they don't realize what it is they're hearing.

But here's the real killer: Hutchings manipulated the Arkansas legislature to unanimously pass a bill requiring popular records and tapes to carry *warning labels* about these supposedly evil messages. The Reverend even tried to include a clause that would have permitted law-enforcement agencies to *seize and destroy* any records or tapes that didn't have those warnings.

If you're as shocked as we are that one man can sway an entire body of representatives sworn to uphold the Constitution to even *think* about such Nazi-like tactics, don't feel alone. Hutchings' crazy crusade is almost impossible to believe.

Let's consider the Reverend's points one at a time. For starters, nobody denies that the technology for recording backwards ("backward masking") exists. But there is one—pardon us—*hell* of an argument about if, when and how it has been done. Hutchings claims, for example, that the rock group Black Oak Arkansas recorded the word *Satan* backwards, but the business manager of the group has pointed out that what Hutchings heard is just an old Sioux Indian word. Numerous other allegations of secret messages have been stoutly denied by the artists, including the Beatles.



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

### Rev. Don Hutchings

But let's go on to Hutchings' second point. Suppose there really are some cases of backward masking that promote the devil. So what, then? Does that mean the average American is going to embrace Satanism because of it? Yes, according to Hutchings, because these messages, if listened to repeatedly, work on your mind to "turn you against God" whether you want to or not!

Find that hard to believe? So do experts in human psychology. For example, Dr. John Ewing Harris, who practices psychology in Hutchings' home state of Arkansas, dismissed the Reverend's ideas as "a very archaic and unenlightened and uneducated way of looking at the workings of the human

mind." The truth is that there's not one shred of evidence indicating that the human mind can even understand backward messages, let alone be influenced by them.

But we at HUSTLER don't think Reverend Hutchings is simply misguided. All of this adds up to a thinly disguised form of *censorship*, not unlike the first repressive steps taken by Hitler in Nazi Germany. Based almost entirely on the ravings of one snot-nosed fanatic (Hutchings is only 25 years old), the Arkansas law could effectively exclude any "questionable" recordings from the entire state. Who decides which popular songs have evil messages? The Reverend Hutchings? The state legislature?

Any answer other than *the individual choice of each private citizen* goes against everything this country stands for.

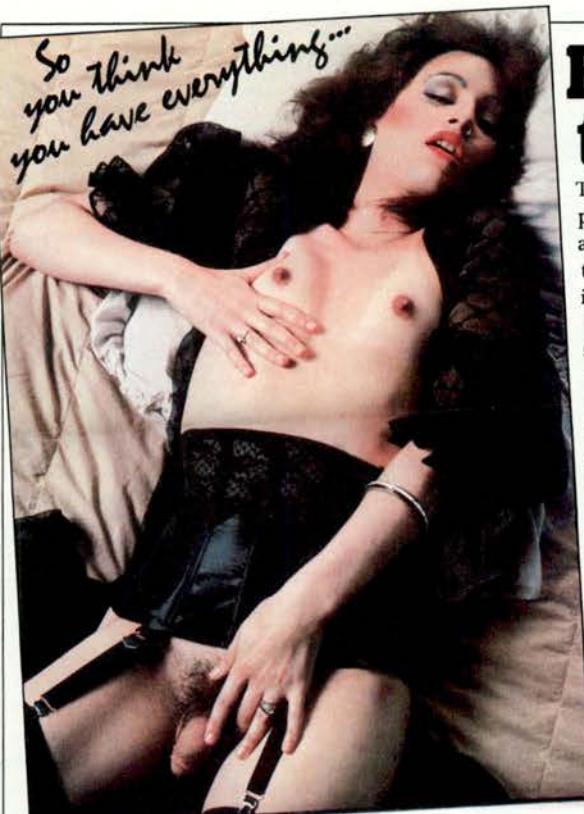
That Hutchings' tactics are frighteningly reminiscent of Nazi Germany is underscored by his penchant for book-burnings. A year or so ago his church was involved in the torching of \$2,000 worth of books, magazines, T-shirts and records. More recently, he was quoted as saying that people should burn their records if they hear God tell them to.

Clearly, this man isn't simply a religious nut. He's an extremist who'll go to great lengths to stamp out ideas he doesn't like. That he was able to enlist an entire legislative body in his cause points out what a danger men like him are to American freedom.

But Hutchings is more than just a fascist. He's also a fool. At least, that's all we can infer from his "Rock Seminar" pamphlet, in which he suggests that teenage sexual activity is directly linked to rock-'n'-roll music. Funny, we have always thought (along with virtually every reputable social scientist) that the increase in teen sexual behavior was due to the Pill's elimination of the previous social restraints against it.

If the new sexual candor of our time is reflected in rock music, it's no less reflected in movies, television, newspapers and magazines. Should we ban those too, Reverend? Anyone who thinks that the Arkansas law spearheaded by Hutchings isn't the first step toward widespread censorship hasn't learned history's lessons.

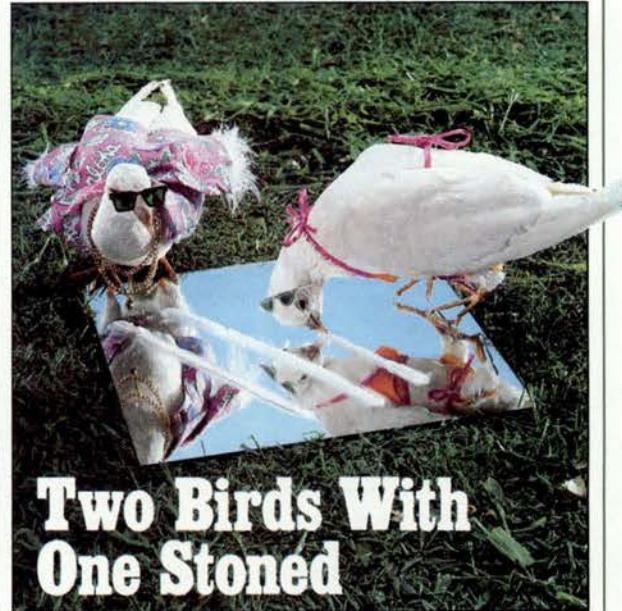
Fortunately for all of us, the Arkansas press—the *free, uncensored* Arkansas press—raised such a stink about Hutchings' dangerous brainchild that the legislature reversed itself and killed the "backward masking" bill. That's one victory for free speech, but it won't be the last battle. Unfortunately, the Reverend Don Hutchingses of this world just won't go away.



**THINK AGAIN**

## Below the Belt

T&A is being replaced by T&C—tits and cock. Even though the change is more surgical than sociological, she-males are popping up everywhere. You've seen them in magazines and adult films. Now they're on greeting cards. This hilarious card from T.N.T. Designs Inc. (35 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10010) actually folds out; so when you first see it, the shemale's lower half is hidden from view. It's going to shock the pants off the guy who opens it. Either that, or he's going to buckle up for safety.

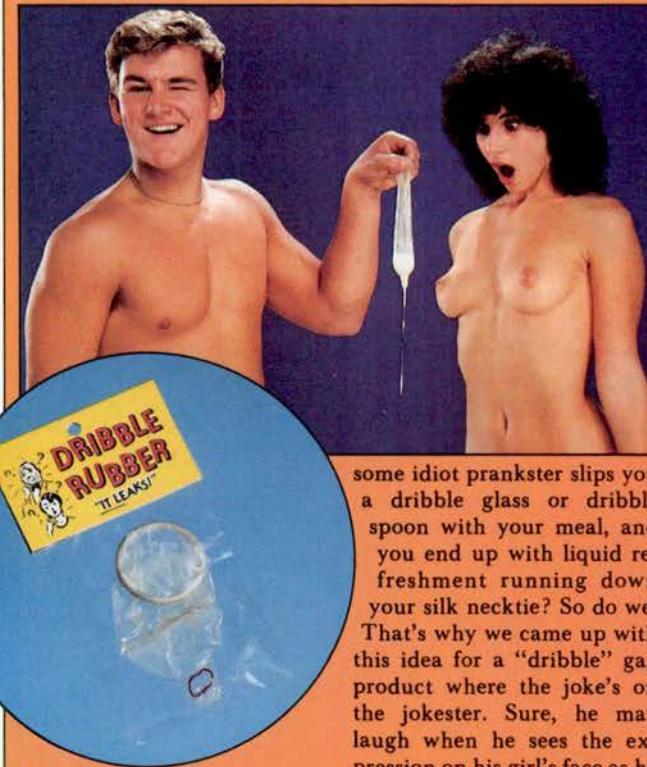


## Two Birds With One Stoned

The University of Florida has given the go-ahead on a study that will test the effects of cocaine on pigeons. No, we're not making this up. Furthermore, the study will be funded by a \$50,000 grant from the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

We feel that we can pretty well predict the re-

sults. There's going to be a big demand for pigeon-size gold chains and little teeny spoons. And outdoor bird feeders won't attract anyone unless they put in discos with lighted dance floors. And homing pigeons will no longer go home; they'll go to Hollywood. Save the money for serious research, guys.



## Last Laugh

Whoopee cushions may be embarrassing, but they're clean. Don't you hate it when

some idiot prankster slips you a dribble glass or dribble spoon with your meal, and you end up with liquid refreshment running down your silk necktie? So do we. That's why we came up with this idea for a "dribble" gag product where the joke's on the jokester. Sure, he may laugh when he sees the expression on his girl's face as he holds up the dripping condom. But he won't be laughing so hard nine months later, when the dribbling is coming from something else.

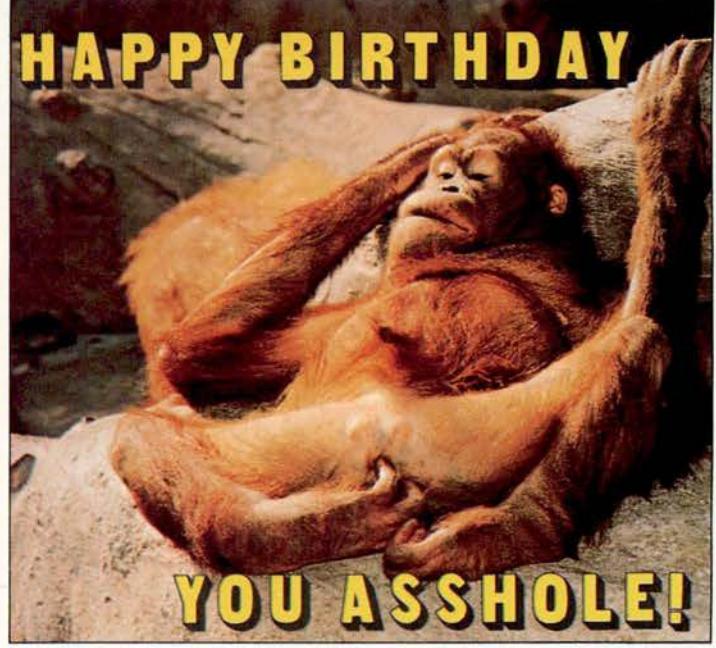
## Wise Ass

Nice sentiment. But why would someone want to send a birthday card to an asshole? Looking to get on the right tract?

We can't put our finger on it. But if you want to really crack someone up, this outrageous card

from Nice 'n Sleazy (1560 Broadway, Suite 807, New York, NY 10036) will positively do the trick.

It seems like birthday greetings are due for a change in attitude anyway, and this company appears anxious to bring up the rear of the movement.



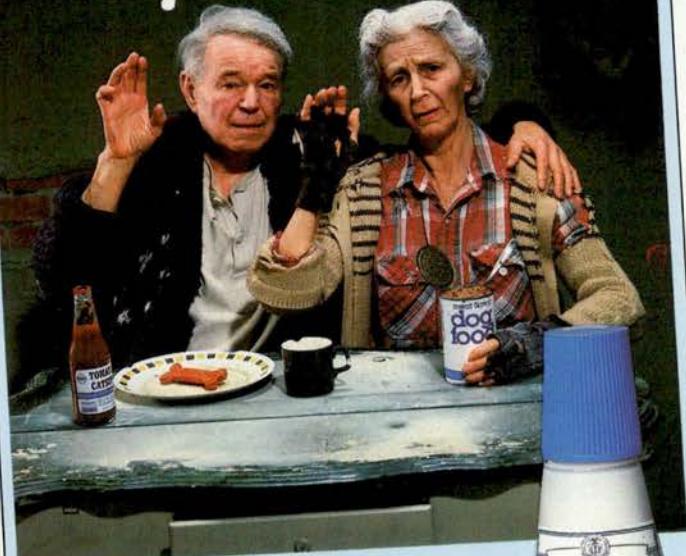
# The Great Cover-up

The recession and high medical costs have America's elderly poor really sweating it out. That's why this country needs a deodorant just for them. Something to give them security when all the social-welfare programs are pulled out from under them by budget cutbacks. Something to keep them dry when they're tossed out of their

apartments because the rent increased with the cost of living but their monthly checks didn't.

Let's face it: Impoverished senior citizens need a strong deodorant that can do all this and more... because the way things are under the current economic plan, their lives stink.

## Raise your hand if you're Poor.



Get some today... before it's gone.

## Wham, Thank You, Ma'am... Then Bam!

Islamic law forbids the execution of virgins. But that's not stopping Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini. In silencing those who oppose him, he's come across some unmarried dissenters with their hymens intact. So, according to news reports, these women are forced into marriages, raped by the grooms and then taken out to face firing squads. Some honeymoon!



## A. L. C. Y.

# FREE PHONE SEX

*My husband's been screwing you for years—so I thought it was the least I could do.*



**1-202-456-1414**

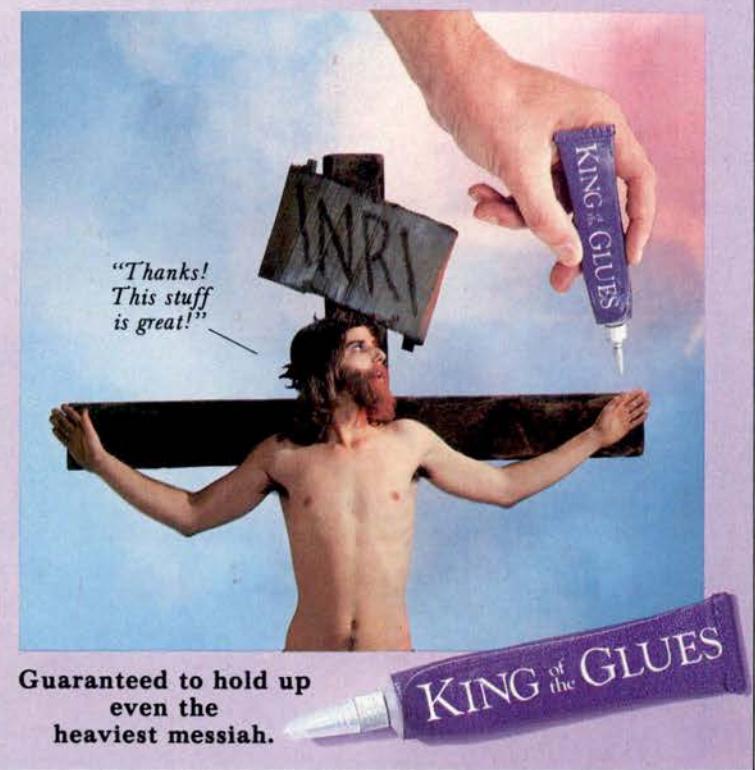
## Marma-dick

Oops! Cartoonist Brad Anderson pulled a boner! His creation, *Marmaduke* the lovable family Great Dane, accidentally went X-rated in this recent, unretouched newspaper appearance. Considering the way he's looking at Mom, she may be about to find out where Marmaduke wants to bury that bone.

## Marmaduke



"Oh, all right. I'll set another place."



## A Drop in the Bucket

Ready, aim, fire. The sight of this dog doing his duty may well have been Irving Berlin's inspiration to write that famous patriotic tune "Urine the Army Now."

This old photo is a classic piece of historical humor—one that might have vanished with the passing of time if one of our sharp-eyed readers hadn't brought it to our attention. If there had

been a HUSTLER Magazine during Hitler's reign and World War II, this is definitely the kind of satire we would have done—except that the dog might have been squatting instead of lifting his leg. One thing's for sure: This shot has certainly given us a better insight into the beginnings of a very popular method of donating to charity. You know—"pissing the hat."



## Crucifixative

Just think of the pain that could have been avoided if the Romans had a Super Glue. No spikes, no mess. Just

a couple of drops, and martyrs could hang on the cross for years. A time-saving, pain-relieving product like this would've been the answer to the Romans' and the Christians' prayers.

## A Little Off the Bottom

Old-fashioned barbers (before the coming of stylists) used to give customers a haircut and a shave for one low price. Maybe barbers could make a come-

back by offering pussy shaves. Of course, they'd have to alter the chairs a bit. This is a bad position for a woman to give a barber any lip.



## Tease for Two

Right off the bat, underwear for two doesn't sound like such a great idea. There are some cleanliness aspects that would concern us. But Fundies, a real product from Groton Ltd., aren't made for anything but fun. The label suggests that a couple just crawl in and have a good time. What if they tear or stretch? Well, then you got your money's worth! Grab a pair anywhere novelty gifts are sold.



# Portable Closet Queen

It's hard for some transvestites to come out of the closet. So why shouldn't they take the closet with them? Any queen who's handy with a hammer could probably knock together one of these light wooden closets without even putting a run

in his hose. Then he could frequent all his favorite haunts with no fear of rejection. All he has to do is close the door, and no one can tell him from the rest of the straight customers. Without it, a shy fella's trip to a bar can really be a drag.



## MARTY ROBBINS sings HEART ATTACK



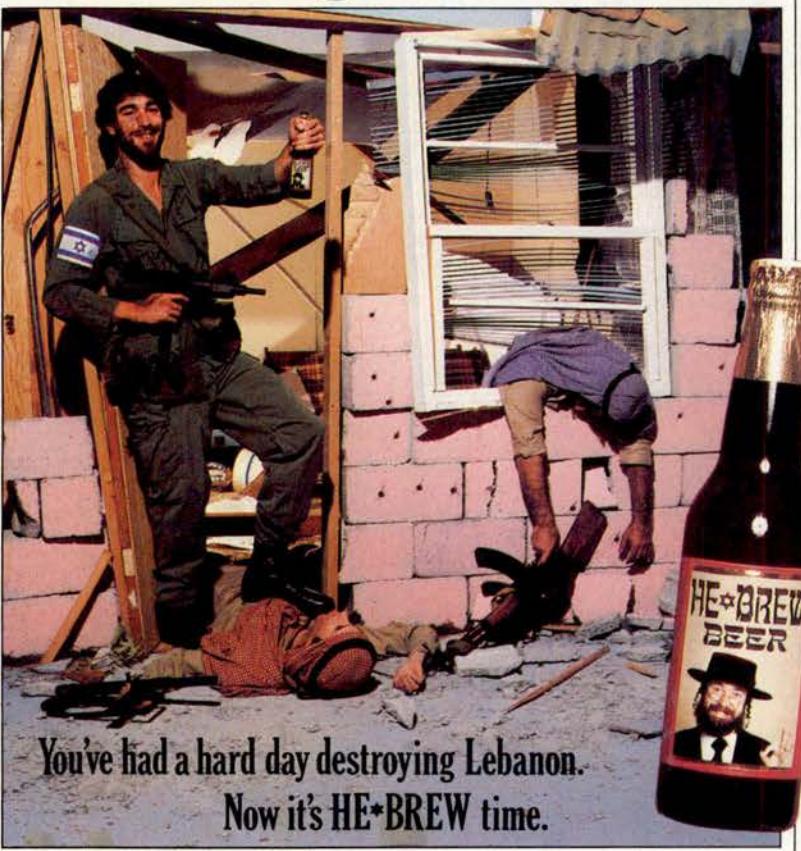
## Straight From the Heart

Before the body is cold, record companies begin releasing "final" albums of their recently departed stars. One like we've created here is bound to be next for the late Marty Rob-

bins. Watch for songs like "My Woman, My Woman, My Beneficiary" and "White Sports Coat and a Wreath." You can't keep a good profitmaker down . . . at least not six feet.

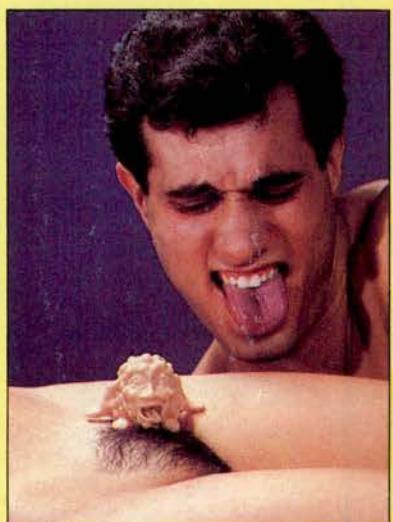
## When You're Killing More Than One

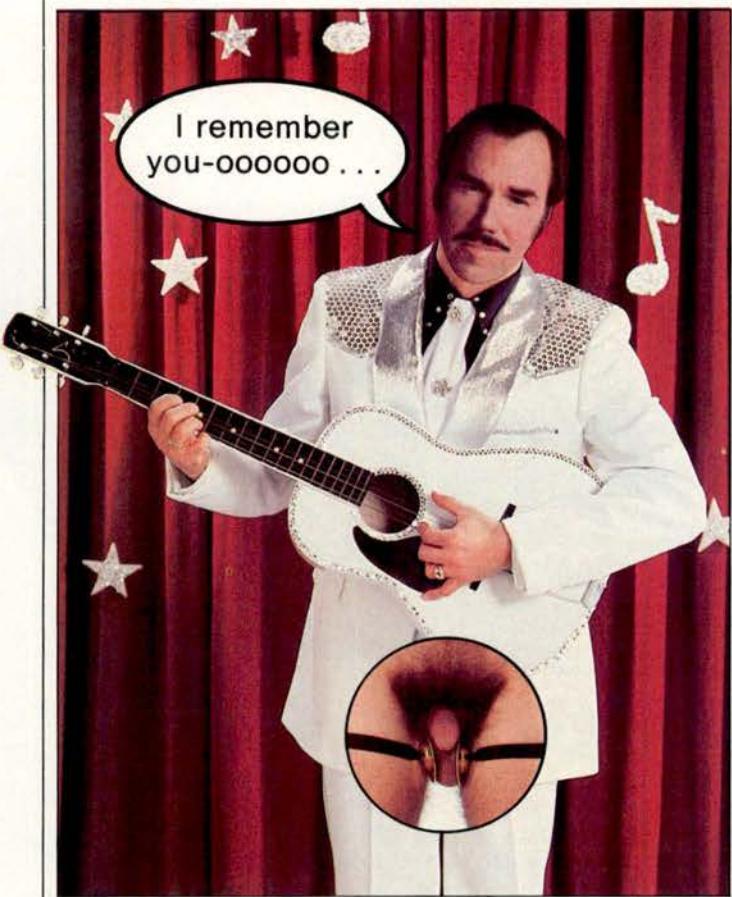
With the holiday of Passover upon us, we thought that our Jewish friends might appreciate a break from all that cheap wine they drink. They're probably ready to put down the Manischewitz and pick up a nice kosher beer. So here's our two cents' worth on what it should be called—He-Brew! With the macho image of the Israeli soldiers to promote the beer, it'd be a sure winner—just like the Israeli army. But watch out if the beer starts to settle. You'll never get it out of the west side of the refrigerator.



## Pet Herpes

Now you can give someone herpes . . . and they'll love it. Not real herpes—Pet Herpes! The little rubber creature is available in novelty stores, or you can send \$6.98 (postage included) to Gifts in Bad Taste (20926 Ventura Blvd., #600, Woodland Hills, CA 91364) and have herpes brought right to your door. That's cheaper than a visit to a bar and a one-night stand. The whole thing seems like a sore subject to us.





## The Slim Whitman High-Note Grabber

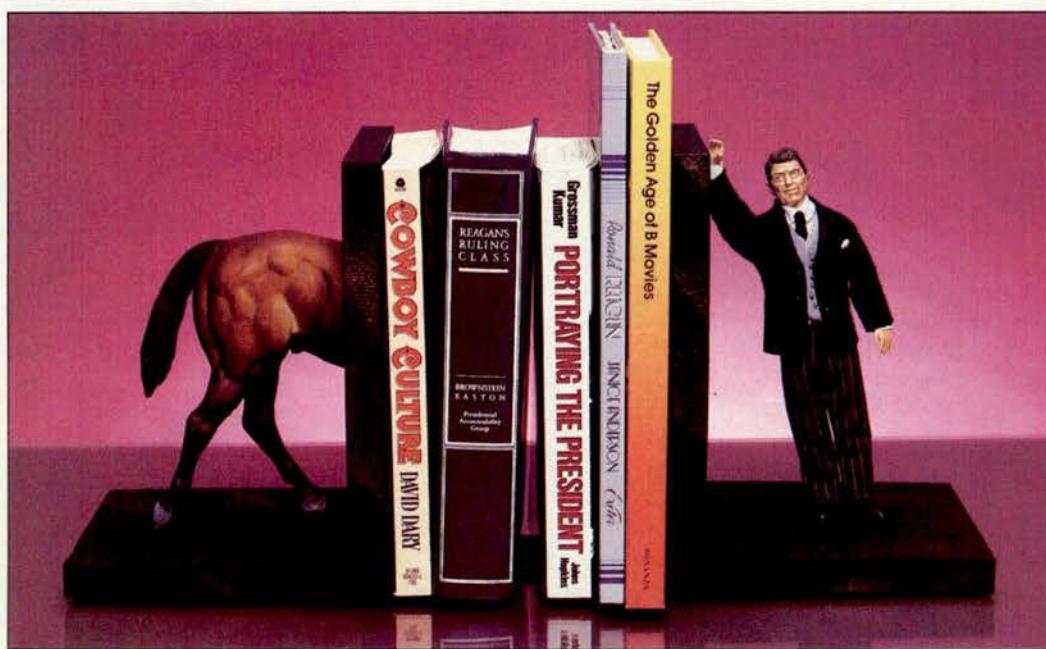
How does Slim hit those incredible high notes? Although it may just be natural talent, we suspect it takes more than a good set of lungs to reach those upper octaves. Maybe he's got

the world of music by the balls with a special contraption that puts the squeeze on his falsetto. We've laid bare our thoughts on the subject here for all to see. If he releases *Nutcracker Suite*, we'll know we uncovered his secret.

## Guess Who?

Take a good look at the ladies in the vintage photos below. Would you expect these women to show you their tits? Don't

they look more like your aunts did in the 1950s than the sort of women who posed for nudie photos? There may have been a Cold War going on when these shots were taken, but these gals seem awfully hot to us.



## Matching Bookends

Know a Democrat who's got a birthday coming up, and you just can't decide what to give? A donkey ride at the local zoo seems too little, and a trillion-dollar cut in the defense budget seems too much?

Here's a terrific gift idea: beautifully matched bookends to hold all the special reading material necessary to understand what makes Ronald Reagan tick. They symbolize the partnership between the White House and the Congress that Democrats have been seeking for the past couple of years. And for once, they get the President to hold up his end.

# HUSTLER Update



Child Abuse  
in America  
October '77

In our ground-breaking investigative report, we called attention to the shocking phenomenon of child abuse by adults. Six years later, the situation has worsened. Figures for last year indicate that the dismal state of the American economy is apparently prompting an increase in the deaths of children by beating, burning, starvation and other forms of abuse. According to Jim Harrel of the National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect, there are now 1.1 million cases of neglect and abuse annually. And sad to say, as many as 5,000 of these innocent victims die.

## GATORS 'N' TATERS

A restaurant patron asks his waiter, "Do you serve alligators?" The waiter replies, "We don't dis-

criminate, sir. A customer's a customer."

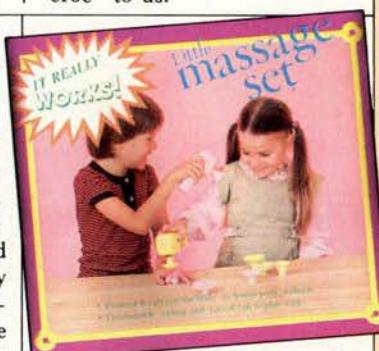
But in Louisiana the waiter might've replied, "How do you want it?" That state is promoting alligator meat, hop-

ing food suppliers will slaughter more of the animals and help reduce alligator overpopulation. Is this new competition for the Big Mac? It sounds like a "croc" to us.

## Shock Photo!



This is disgusting. What sort of depraved family would let its pet hamster do this? What sort of people would allow an innocent creature to be involved in such an immoral and totally unhealthy practice? Imagine—letting a hamster have a cigarette. At least they provide him with educational reading material.



## Most Tasteless Cartoon



## Weird Vibes

Here's the astounding winner of our "Tasteless Product of the Month" award. It's real; it's being sold in toy stores across America; and yes . . . it's a *vibrator* for kids. Someone must have thought that after a tough day of playing in the sandbox or climbing on the monkey bars, kids need the refreshing touch of a vibrator. Sure, those little muscles need stimulation. But when the kids get tired of rubbing each others' arms, this product is going to make "playing doctor" seem tame! It may not set the bad example of say, candy cigarettes, but the Little Massage Set is recommended for "ages three and up." Isn't that a *touch* early?

Mike Parkhurst:  
Rebel Trucker  
April '80



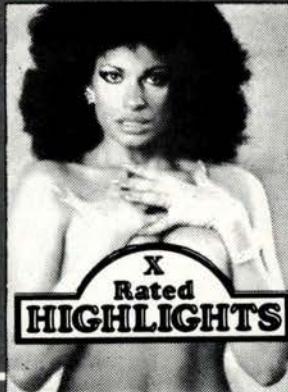
The tough-talking president of the Independent Truckers Association, a lobbying organization for 30,000 drivers who haul most of the nation's agricultural products, vowed to HUSTLER readers that he would "arouse the average American to the plight of the independent, who has become a symbol of the deteriorating free-enterprise system in America." Last January he made good on that promise, calling for a nationwide trucking strike to protest staggering increases in fuel and highway-use taxes, which he said would amount to ten times the average trucker's profits for 1982. Parkhurst blamed the need for a shutdown on Congress, claiming it hastily passed unfair tax and highway legislation "in their anxiety to get home for Christmas pudding."

## Contributors

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# EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Rodger Claire

*Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.*

## Doing It

**F**ully Erect. Produced by Mark Corby; directed and written by Sven Conrad; starring Drea, Eric Edwards, Lilly Marlene, Barbi Bendum, Heather Wade, Karina, Laurien Dominique, Kathy Kay, Laura Christine, Billy Dee, John Martin, Tony Peters, Mike Horner and Rick Ardone. Running time: 89 minutes.

If you walk into the movie theater five minutes after this film has started, you'd easily think you had just walked in on a new, big-budget Hollywood feature. From the lush opening helicopter pan of the California coastline to the flashy underwater sex scene in a marble Jacuzzi, every frame of *Doing It* is a rich, sensuous, beautifully photographed montage of erotic imagery. The only thing

more beautiful than the production is the dazzling array of female talent, who look like they could have been cast right out of a chorus line in Las Vegas.

The storyline itself is really quite simple. Eric Edwards and exotic Drea play a rich San Francisco couple who decide to chuck it all and take off on an erotic motorcycle ride through California's wine country. The

wineries, hot springs and mud baths of Mendocino and Napa Valley are perfect backdrops for their sexual adventures. Actually, *Doing It* may be the first X-rated travelogue, kind of a *Michelin's Guide to Porn*. But you're sure not going to find any of these routes on your auto-club road maps.

The sex is as refreshing and natural as the scenery. And the director employs an ingenious



Eric Edwards has more than his hands full as Laurien Dominique and Kathy Kay prove that three is never a crowd in 'Doing It.'



Lilly Marlene heats up the action in a steamy Jacuzzi scene from 'Doing It.'

parallel-cutting technique that doubles the action. For example, in the marathon-sex opening, Eric Edwards and Mike Horner double-team the maid (Barbi Bendum) around the swimming pool. Meanwhile, Drea, Lilly Marlene and Billy Dee mirror this threesome in the Jacuzzi. Lilly Marlene, who adds a new dimension to the word *desirable*, is enough to steam up the screen by herself. The double action makes it almost unbearable.

There's a very memorable hot-springs sequence involving a free-for-all between Drea, Edwards and a group of very pretty bathing beauties. You can feel the full force of Drea's sweating climax as the only male bather, John Martin, grinds it into her writhing body from behind.

Unfortunately, the script isn't as good as the scenery. The stiff and predictable dialogue makes for some pretty weighty baggage to haul around in be-



Marlene adds a whole new dimension to the word 'desirable.'

*This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.*

## RATING GUIDE

	<b>FULLY ERECT</b>
	Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
	<b>THREE-QUARTERS ERECT</b>
	Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
	<b>HALF ERECT</b>
	So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
	<b>ONE-QUARTER ERECT</b>
	Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
	<b>TOTALLY LIMP</b>
	A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.

tween the sex scenes. But who's listening anyway?

*Doing It* may be a "blue" movie, but its slick production and sensuous, beautiful photography are bound to find it a pretty respectable place among the Technicolor crowd. —R. C.

## Peep Holes

 *One-Quarter Erect. Produced and directed by Vince Benedetti; written by Marc Roberts; starring Mai Lin, Champagne, Long Jean Silver, Little Velvet Summers, Jinger Jaye, Anna Turner, R. Bolla, Bobby Astyr, Mike Claxton, George Payne, Marc Roberts, Jamie St. John and Sean Elliot. Running time: 82 minutes.*

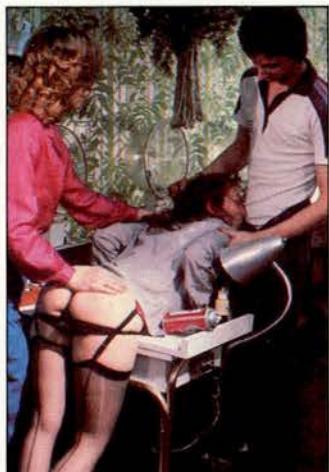
*Peep Holes* is a voyeuristic look at the seedy underworld of drugs, corruption, prostitution and perverts. It barely leaves a stone unturned as it rummages through the filth and back alleys of the Big Apple. But if the



Bobby Astyr gets down with Velvet Summers in 'Peep Holes.'

producer had spent less time exploiting the cheap violence and the inane characters, and a little more time developing an intelligent script and some sexy scenes, he might have come up with a watchable film. As it is, *Peep Holes* is an unerotic romp through some pretty limp sensationalism.

The thin thread of this improbable narrative is almost as twisted as the people it follows. As it opens, R. Bolla, as an



'Peep Holes': Jean Silver and Jamie St. John punish Anna Turner.

NYPD detective, is hot on the trail of a cocaine ring using—of all places—a beauty parlor as a front. He recruits a young, ambitious policewoman, played by voluptuous Champagne, to go undercover and infiltrate the drug ring. Of course, he gives her a trial run-through behind his desk before sending her out to fuck half the drug dealers in New York.

While Champagne is busy sniffing and sucking her way through the drug world, the film shifts to follow the sleazy trail of an apartment janitor, played by Bobby Astyr. When he's not cleaning toilets, he's jerking off and spying on the sexual doings of his tenants through secret peep holes he's drilled all over the building. Astyr is not the kind of guy you want to shake hands with.

After watching one female tenant (Mai Lin) masturbate with a roll-on deodorant bottle, he returns to his room and catches the local bobby-soxer (Little Velvet Summers) giving up her virginity to her brutal boyfriend. Astyr shows his "sympathy" by promptly blackmailing Velvet into having anal sex on his bunk.

But Astyr's sleazy character is just warming up. In a monumen-tally tasteless scene (which will be cut for the videocassette), the janitor strangles a down-and-out old whore (Jinger Jaye) after a depressing fuck scene guaranteed to wilt any prick left standing in the audience.

Just when you're wondering what all this has to do with the drug bust, the movie finally returns to Champagne, who has

managed to set up a phony buy with the main supplier (Mike Claxton). Coincidentally, as the deal goes down, Astyr watches the whole thing through a peep hole. When the cops bust in with guns blazing like the Dalton gang, one of the bullets pierces the wall, accidentally killing the janitor. The film ends with gallons of red blood seeping out from under the wall.

It's hard to understand why anybody these days would want to make a throwback to the porn of the '50s and '60s when sex and violence went together like pizza and beer. But if you like your sex mixed with a lot of shabby sensationalism, a rambling plot and the kind of people who crawl out of the woodwork after dark, then *Peep Holes* is probably right down your back alley. —R. C.

scorch anything in its path up to 40 paces. *Oui, Girls* is rawer than a one-minute roast. It's an 81-minute encyclopedia of fucking: From anal sex to love beads, this thing's busier than a Hong Kong whorehouse on a layover by the 7th Fleet.

And it's just as well too, because what little plot the makers did manage to squeeze in between the bodies is about as intelligent as what grows on the bottom of your sink. It's as though they cut together seven or eight loops and penciled in a story between the splices.

The film begins with a promising whodunit hook. Paul Thomas, as insurance investigator Nick Williams, enlists the aid of incredibly foxy Anna Ventura in uncovering an insurance-fraud murder at a local swingers' ranch called the Circle S.

You know you're in trouble when you don't see either Thomas or Ventura for the next 40 minutes. Instead, the story switches to Tiffany Clark and Michael Bruce as a bashful, straight couple who are introduced to the ins and outs of swapping at the ranch by vampy Sharon Kane and Ken Starbuck, who plays her dance-instructor husband. Actually, there's a pretty hot scene between Clark and Starbuck as he trips the light-fantastic all



Insatiable Lisa DeLeeuw pounces on anything that moves in 'Oui, Girls.'



*'Oui, Girls'*: Anna Ventura is more than worth the price of admission.

over Clark in a highly inspired fuck ballet.

Thomas and Ventura, masquerading as a married couple, finally show up at the ranch, and Thomas promptly deflowers Ventura in a lively—and long-awaited—scene that showcases Ventura's painfully beautiful physique. Thomas's next move is on porn-steady Lisa DeLeeuw, who plays the wandering wife of Circle S owner Michael Morrison. The two take off on a round-the-world fuckathon that just about covers every possible port of call. But before the final blast-off, they're interrupted by Ventura, who's badly hurt by Thomas's infidelity.

Well, it doesn't take Ventura long to discover that the murder story was just a ruse used by Thomas to get into her panties. Unfortunately, the joke is not only on Ventura; it's on the viewer too, who's been expecting a murder mystery all along. Not exactly a class act.

The movie is saved—just barely—by a bevy of beautiful ladies; Tiffany Clark, Lisa DeLeeuw, Sharon Kane and Anna Ventura are some of the hottest property around. Any movie with the stunning Ventura is worth the price of admission.

So if you're in the market for a flick that's long on sex and short on plot—or wit or dialogue—you'll be happy with this. *Oui, Girls*, if nothing else, says "sex, sex sex." —R.C.

## Fox Holes

**A** One-Quarter Erect. Produced, directed and written by Bob Augustus; starring Lisa DeLeeuw, Linda Joy, Shaun Mitchell, Juliet Anderson, Kelly Grant, Pat Manning, Phillips Tobis, Randy West, Jeff Barco and Ray Wells. Running time: 84 minutes.

You knew it wouldn't be long until someone cashed in on the general-release hit *Private Benjamin*. It's hard to think of a more sexually charged scenario than a barracks full of horny, half-dressed boot-campers looking for someplace to unload all that pent-up libido. Unfortunately, *Fox Holes* is firing mostly blanks. The dirtiest thing about this movie is the title.

It's too bad, too, considering the battery of busty talent mustered for this slick production. The problem is that the makers were so carried away with the plot that the sex plays like an afterthought. And without the sustained sexual interest, all

that much more weight falls on a script that simply can't measure up.

The story follows the exploits of the first 12 women drafted into the Army under a new Congressional bill. The recruits, including porn vet Lisa DeLeeuw, Kelly Grant and foxy Shaun Mitchell, are whipped into shape by a curvaceous lieutenant, played by Linda Joy. What they do for a pair of skivvies and combat boots will bring more than a few spent soldiers to attention.

But not everyone is happy about this new breed of dog tags, including the camp's commanding colonel (Phillips Tobis). He and a superstud sergeant (Randy West) conspire to sabotage Joy and her troops in their upcoming war games against a "crack" unit of Vietnam vets. Well, needless to say, West falls in love with Joy and saves the day for the women, a feat for which Joy generously rewards him. Or so it seems. The viewer never really knows for sure, because just as West is about to disrobe Joy's luscious body, the camera cuts away from the action.

With an army of men and



*'Fox Holes'*: An entire barracks full of beautiful, buxom recruits.

women to fling at each other, the film is limited to a few somewhat lesbian sets and some standard girl-boy encounters. And when the sex does start to get hot, it's ruined by constant cutting back and forth to the main story, as if the director's afraid we're going to forget what the movie's *really* about.

After one of the few scenes in which the eminently desirable Shaun Mitchell *does* get down, she quips: "Now I know what they mean by 'Make love, not war.'" It's too bad the filmmaker didn't. —R.C.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

### Fully Erect

- All American Girls
- Debbie Does Dallas II
- Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
- Foxtrot
- Indecent Exposure
- Irresistible
- Memphis Cat House Blues
- Scoundrels
- Society Affairs
- Talk Dirty to Me, Part II
- Wanda Whips Wall Street

### Three-Quarters Erect

- Babe
- Beauty
- Body Magic
- I Like to Watch
- Intimate Lessons
- Mascara
- Peaches and Cream
- Purely Physical
- Satisfactions
- Taboo II
- The Widespread Scandals of Lydia Lace
- Titillation

### Half Erect

- Liquid Assets
- N·U·R·S·E·S of the 407
- Seven Seductions of Madame Lau
- Sorority Sweethearts
- The Blonde Next Door
- The Tiffany Minx
- Trashi
- Undercovers

### One-Quarter Erect

- Anytime . . . Anyplace
- Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood
- Blue Jeans
- Foreplay
- The Cosmopolitan Girl
- The Mistress

### Totally Limp

- Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
- Starlet Nights
- The Seductress

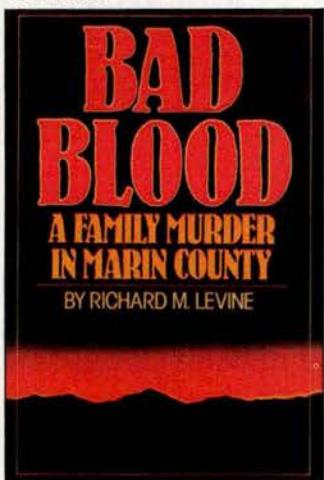
# BOOKS

Reviewed by  
Theodore Sturgeon

## Bad Blood

By Richard M. Levine; Random House Inc., 201 E. 50th St., New York, NY 10022; \$14.95.

When the ancient Greeks invented the tragedy a couple of thousand years ago, the word referred to something more than sad or unfortunate. It signified the *inevitable*. It meant the working out of a curse or prophecy in a person's life. You were told, upfront, what the prophecy was, and then you watched it come true. There was often very little the victim could do to change the course of events.



In *Bad Blood*, Richard Levine describes the true story of a modern-day tragedy that centers around the brutal murders of Naomi and Jim Olive in California's Marin County. We see the curse of this tale in the fatal flaws of the characters of the family: Naomi was a mentally unstable alcoholic in constant conflict with her husband, Jim, a workaholic who was totally naive of the problems growing within his family. And then there was Naomi's adopted daughter, Marlene, and Marlene's boyfriend, Chuck Riley—a pair of sensitive, vulnerable youths whose starvation for love and affection finally brought them together and thrust them into a world of drugs and promiscuity. All these elements created a situation of impending disaster.

That disaster came on the first day of summer 1975, when

Jim and Naomi were slain in a bedroom of their ranch house. Ten days later their incinerated remains were discovered, and the police arrested and charged Marlene and Riley with the crime.

But that's only the top layer of the tragedy. Levine delves into all the other factors indirectly responsible for the murders. We see the bizarre sexual relationship of Marlene and Riley, how drugs entered the scene and went unsuspected by the authorities, parents and schools of the small town of Terra Linda, until they crested into addiction and, finally, murder.

The nightmarish killings are also vividly described. Marlene got a girlfriend to help her clean up the blood after the slayings and told her the whole story. Then the girls went on a shopping spree with the dead couple's credit cards. Levine's book is a study of stupidity and unconscionable immorality.

*Bad Blood* reveals how any family is vulnerable to a tragic curse—just like the kind the ancient Greeks wrote about. I guess we have to be constantly reminded of those old tales.

## I Need More

By Iggy Pop with Anne Wehrer; Karz-Cohl Publishing Co., 320 W. 105th St., New York, NY 10025; \$9.95.

Once upon a time there was a high-school kid named Jim Osterberg who was in a rock band called the Iguanas. The other guys in the band began calling him, appropriately, Iggy, which he later expanded to Iggy Pop. And if rough rock, wild rock or punk rock had a single beginning, it was with this young man from Michigan, who tells here, in his own words, what it was like being rowdy rock's original "bad boy."

Let's face it—the guy is weird. But that's not a put-down. A great many people clump through life like herd-animals, following one fashion or another, mindlessly slipping into grooves and fads. But every once in a while there emerges a wild talent who stands in the way of the flood, not giving a damn for other people's notions of manners or proper behavior. And up to a point, it's good for

all of us to get shook up by an occasional wild man. (I guess that point is Will Rogers'

Iggy Pop  
**I NEED MORE**



The Stooges and other Stories  
by Iggy Pop with Anne Wehrer

"Your freedom to swing your fists ends where my nose begins! It puts bubbles in our blood and—even if we're irritated by him—makes us examine our own values.

Iggy does not know the meaning of fear. He relates one episode in which he was onstage with his band the Stooges in a club in Wayne, Michigan. After being bombarded with eggs, he stopped the show and demanded to know who was throwing them.

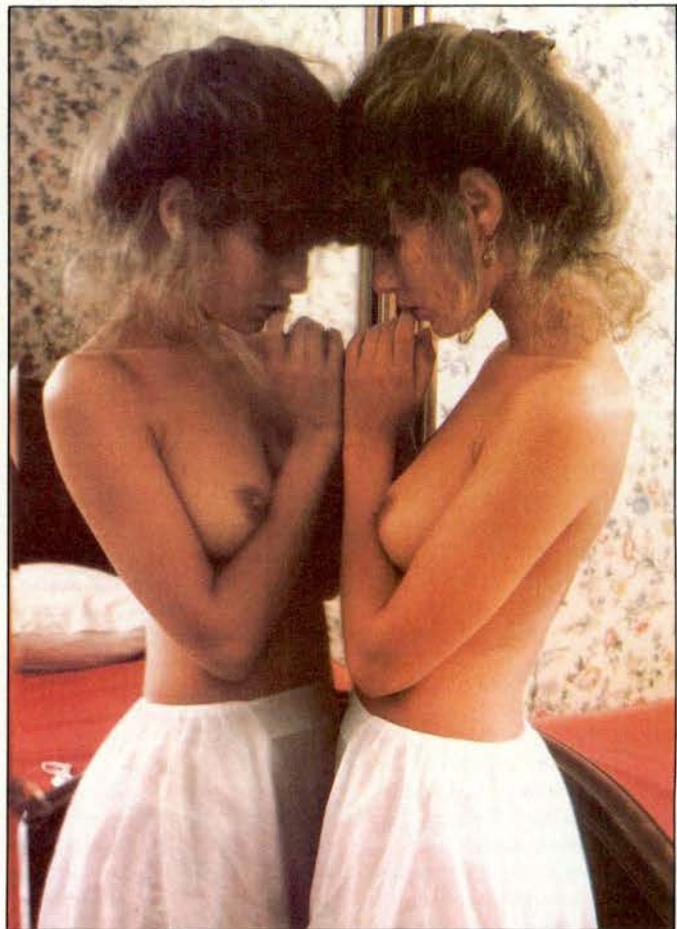
As the crowd parted, there

stood what Iggy describes as "this enormous youth with the biggest, happy smile I've ever seen." He had a knuckle glove that went all the way up his arm and a carton of eggs in his hand. Iggy left the stage to confront his tormentor and wound up with that knuckle glove between the eyes. "I saw stars," he says. But a few moments later he was back onstage and continuing the set. It was the kind of incident that caused him pain and embarrassment, but it didn't stop him from doing the same sort of crazy thing time and time again.

The raw wildness of Iggy and his years on the road is captured in more than a hundred black-and-white photos of the rambunctious rocker, from babyhood on up. Some are as wild as he is. But look—don't copy him. You'll be much safer doing your own thing.

## Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle!

By Jeff Dunas; Melrose Publishing Co., 9021 Melrose Ave., Los



'Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle!': The sensuous tenderness of a reflection.



The female shape is captured from every angle in 'Mademoiselle.'

Angeles, CA 90069; \$27.95.

"Jeff Dunas," proclaims the inside sleeve of the book, "is among the most published photographers of women in the world." Fanning through this classy full-color volume makes it easy to see why. Judging by the copyright notices, this is a hand-picked selection of the cream of his crop from the years 1976-1981.

The book is beautifully pro-

duced—and at the healthy price of \$27 plus, it would have to be. From first page to last, no expense was spared to come up with a truly tantalizing collection of some of the prettiest maidens to ever flaunt their assets for the camera. The color separations are flawless. Of course, if you read this magazine every month, you're probably used to that.

If I have a criticism—and I



'Mademoiselle': A modern-day Lady Godiva shows off for lensman Dunas.

have to admit that it's a subjective one—it lies in Dunas' consistently hard-edged, sharp-focus style. Although many HUSTLER readers might disagree, in my opinion there's something more tactile and *feelable* about female flesh when the focus is soft and the shadows are misty, rather than so bright and clear that you can count the pores on the girls' foreheads.

Also, some of the photographs in *Mademoiselle*, *Mademoiselle!* are posed with a capital P. The girls seem to be artificially frozen in special positions just for the camera's eye. The more I can believe in an erotic scene—perhaps *imagine* is a better term—the more I like it.

But you see for yourself.

## Condemned to Live

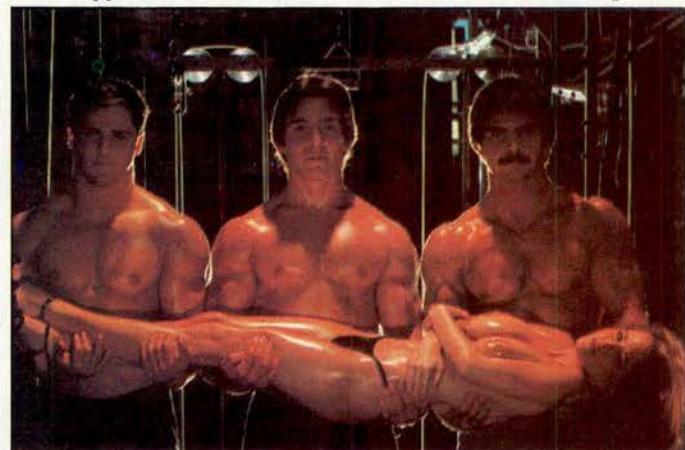
By Waldo Zimmermann; Vita Press, 2143 Poplar Ave., Memphis, TN 38104; \$5.50.

This is a very angry book, loaded with facts and research that support the unfortunate

A convict who has spent most of his life behind bars says in *Condemned to Live: The Plight of the Unwanted Child*, "Kids need love. Ninety percent of the guys in these prisons, sometime back in their childhoods, there was a lack of love or concern. So they go out to get it. They want attention. They want to belong, and they've got to do something."

But criminality is the least part of it. Zimmermann makes a strong case for the reduction of population growth worldwide—not only for economic reasons, food supply and general health, but because our planet itself is threatened. Very simply, he implies that the human race cannot survive if we continue to take advantage of Earth's precious little open space and natural resources.

Relying on a great deal of heavy research, Zimmermann also takes a hard look at our nation's immigration policy and then proceeds to turn his anger toward the Roman Catholic Church, criticizing its agelong resistance to contraception and abortion. In addition, he slams the hell out of the disorganized



A ravishing young lady finds herself muscle-bound in 'Mademoiselle.'

conclusion that it's better not to have been born at all than to be born unwanted, unloved and abused.

Waldo Zimmermann delivers here one blockbuster story after another. For example, in just a couple of pages the author records that in the case histories of Charles Manson, Lee Harvey Oswald, David Berkowitz (New York City's "Son of Sam" mass murderer), Sirhan Sirhan and James Earl Ray (who assassinated Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.), there is evidence of child abuse.

way the United States sends food to Third World countries, which—he claims—messes up their own food distribution. He even analyzes the very present threats of lethal air pollution and a worldwide water shortage.

And the whole thing hangs on the reluctance of the world to take up the practice of birth control and, when necessary, abortion.

*Condemned to Live* is a hard-hitting book with scores of solid references. It's well worth your time and attention. ☑

**New Medical Discovery! U.S. Government Research Team Finds Average Men Low In Nutrient Critical for Maximum Sexual Performance!**

# Now! A Guaranteed "Sex Pill" For Men!

If your level is low in the micro nutrient critical for maximum sexual performance, NSP-270 is guaranteed to help you get it up...and keep it up...to where experts say it should be! Yes, now—if you are in good health otherwise—and your sexual problems are a result of this deficiency—you can be sure that your erection is getting a FULL CHARGE of this vital sex nutrient, so it will always be "up to the mark" for maximum sexual performance!

New findings from medical research! Doctors have discovered that, in amazing but true cases, weak sexual ability—poor erections...low sex drive...inability to satisfy a woman in bed—can stem from a very rare sexual nutrition deficiency that has been cured in almost every case through the use of an amazing "sex nutrient" found in NSP-270!

## Cure For Weak Sexual Powers Discovered!

The first breakthrough came in animal research at leading universities. Scientists traced weak sexual ability and reproductive failures to a micro mineral deficiency—then cured that deficiency and restored normal, healthy sex drive...erections...and reproductive functioning...using the amazing sex nutrient found in NSP-270!

## U.S. Navy Uses This Discovery To Give Men Dramatic Increase In Penis Size!

Among the official U.S. Government agencies that quickly took an interest in this astonishing sex discovery was the U.S. Navy's Medical Research Unit #3. Boys who couldn't measure up to the Navy's proud standards of manhood...who would never be able to satisfy a "woman in every port"...who would disgrace the uniform if they were ever allowed to wear it...were given massive dosages of this amazing sex nutrient found in NSP-270! And, the results of this U.S. Navy penis enlargement and erection improvement program have been hailed by the medical press throughout the world!

Fathers who were totally impotent...who couldn't ejaculate...who suffered from embarrassingly small penis dimensions—suddenly and dramatically experienced—

- Proud Erections!

- Dramatic New Ability In Intercourse!

- Supercharged Sperm That Now Can "Do The Job!"

- ...And, most amazing of all, fantastic growth in penis size!

## Latest Findings Show Many Average Men Are Lower Than They Should Be!

Of course, what the Navy gives to men it considers to be sexually deficient—to increase their penis size...improve their erections...and put more "spurt" into their ejaculations—may not have any meaning to you. In fact, for years doctors have insisted that average men are "getting enough" and they don't need a pill like NSP-270. "It's only a waste of money", is what these doctors say. Then came the most amazing sex discovery of the century—

In Denver, Colorado, an accidental discovery suddenly rocked the medical world back on its heels. Surprisingly low sex nutrient levels were discovered in "average" males who, up until then, had been thought to be normal. (Even though their girlfriends had always known they were "small"!)

So important were these findings that the U.S. Department of Agriculture at Beltsville, Maryland, repeated the Colorado research using their own methods. And they encouraged their own employees to take part in this revolutionary program! The result? Two out of three so-called "average" men in the program were proven short of the recommended level that has been established by the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences. Yet, NSP-270 was all these men needed to bring them "up to the mark" ...and beyond!

## Tennessee Man Doubles The Size Of His Penis!

Doctors in Nashville, Tennessee, recently used large quantities of this miracle sex discovery in a special sexual experiment on a sexually underdeveloped 20-year-old man who desired a larger organ. Almost immediately his penis began to grow until it had more than doubled in size!

(And, thanks to this help, this fellow, whose sex life had been a disaster before, quickly acquired a beautiful girlfriend!)



## Perks Up The Sex Lives Of World War II Vets!

After reviewing the wonderful results that were now being achieved with this amazing sex discovery by medical teams around the world—in England...Iran...New York...and Tennessee—whose work was giving men good, healthy erections...sperm that could do the job...increased sex drive...sensational spurts of penis growth—the Veterans'



Administration in Washington, D.C., began conducting sex nutrient experiments of its own, on older men—haemodialysed World War II vets—who had totally lost their ability to have sex.

The result? In just two weeks, men whose sex lives had been down to rock bottom zero...men who couldn't get an erection no matter how hard they tried...men whose organs were absolutely limp—suddenly found themselves getting erections with ease!

## NSP-270 Is Now Available For Your Private And Personal Use!

NSP-270 is now being released to adult men, for your private and personal use. If your "sex nutrient" level is low, NSP-270 is guaranteed to help you get it up...keep it up...and keep your organ growing!

Yes, if you want to be sure that your erection has the sex nutrients it needs to do the best job possible...if you want to be sure that your sperm is getting what it needs to "keep it perking"...if you want to be absolutely certain that your sex life won't "die young" due to sex nutrient depletion...NSP-270 is guaranteed to give you the full daily sex nutrient charge—and more!—that experts say you need to keep your organ standing "ready and able"!

## Money Back Guarantee

Try NSP-270 for 30 days at our risk...then judge for yourself! You must be FULLY CONVINCED—if your sexual problems are a result of this deficiency—that NSP-270 is helping you achieve greater sex drive...more vigorous ejaculations...erections that stand tall and proud for maximum sexual performance...and more—or simply return the shipping label from the package in which your order arrived and we will promptly refund your money...regardless of the size of your order!

Why are we willing to take such a risk, when you could order and keep a large supply of NSP-270 and still demand—and receive—your money back in full? Because, in our files, we have actual proof and medical photographs that show

- Dramatic new erection power!
- Ability to satisfy a woman in bed!
- Amazing spurts of penis growth!
- Sensational ejaculations!

...all thanks to the use of the amazing sex nutrient in NSP-270! ACT NOW! Yours Truly,

*Frank E. Bush*

Frank E. Bush, Inc., Dept. NS-36  
535 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the order checked below. I understand that I must be fully satisfied or I may return just the shipping label for my money back, no questions asked. Please rush me—

- One bottle of Regular Strength NSP-270 for \$6.95 plus 90¢ postage & handling.
- SAVE \$2.50—Two bottles of Regular Strength NSP-270 for \$11.95 plus \$1.25 postage & handling.
- SUPER \$11.45 SAVINGS—Four bottles of Regular Strength NSP-270 for only \$17.95 plus \$2 postage & handling.
- One bottle of Extra Strength NSP-270 for \$8.95 plus 90¢ postage & handling.
- SAVE \$2.50—Two bottles of Extra Strength NSP-270 for \$15.95 plus \$1.25 postage & handling.
- SAVE \$12.45—Four bottles of Extra Strength NSP-270 for just \$24.95 plus \$2 postage & handling.

Total Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Visa     Master Charge (Bank # \_\_\_\_\_)

Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_

Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

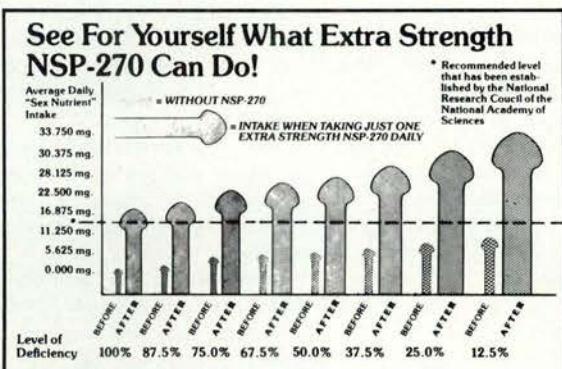
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©1981 Frank E. Bush, Inc.



Nancy slid in between the sheets, and Steve pulled her warm body to him. In the last six months, he'd gotten to know every curve, every cleft of her body. She rolled over to receive him, and Steve entered her easily.

Soon she began the quick, sharp breathing that signaled her approaching orgasm; Steve could feel her muscles contracting. He couldn't hold back any longer, and he came into her as she let out a low groan.

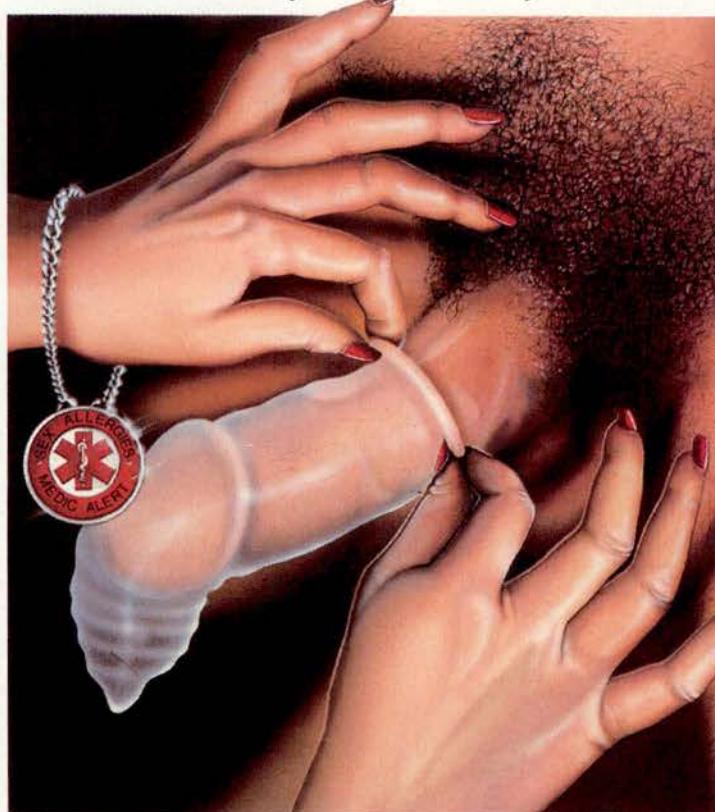
But something was wrong. Nancy was having a hard time breathing; she had turned pale and was gasping for breath, trying desperately to suck air into her lungs. She began seeing spots and grasping at the dark in panic. An adrenaline rush of fear swept through her body. She was suffocating. Steve called the paramedics, and they rushed Nancy to a hospital, where emergency-room doctors were finally able to resuscitate her.

Nancy was lucky, luckier than many women like her, because she suffers from a very deadly and little-known condition that is hard for doctors to detect. Nancy is allergic to sex.

Most of us have heard something about the common sex-related allergies women contract from time to time. They're usually mild skin rashes caused by the body's sensitivity to a foreign substance like a douche, a spermicidal jelly, vaginal creams and even certain brands of condoms. While the resulting rash can be a nuisance and can cramp a couple's sex life for a week or so, such allergies are usually not very serious and clear up soon after the woman stops using the product in question.

But there are two much more serious sex-related allergies that scientists and doctors have only recently begun to research and understand: One—the condition suffered by Nancy—is a severe allergic reaction to seminal plasma, the fluid that is ejaculated during orgasm and carries the male sperm; the second is an allergic reaction to the sperm itself, which causes infertility. Either of these allergies, if undetected or untreated, can shatter a couple's lives.

*Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.*



## SEX ALLERGIES: RARE BUT DEADLY

by Michael Allen

The seminal-plasma allergy, known by doctors as "acute allergic reaction to seminal plasma," is a relatively rare condition that remains a virtual mystery. Although research is currently under way to unravel the riddle of this disease, doctors understand very little about the actual mechanics of the allergy.

What they do know is that certain women start producing antibodies against proteins found in seminal plasma. The allergy can suddenly occur years after a woman has begun having sex, or it can happen the first time; doctors still don't know what exactly triggers the reaction. But when the plasma enters the affected woman's vagina, her antibodies—a person's natural defense system—somehow bind to the tissue of the vaginal walls, creating an allergic reaction within the body. It's as if the

body's defense system mistakes the seminal protein for an invading foreign body.

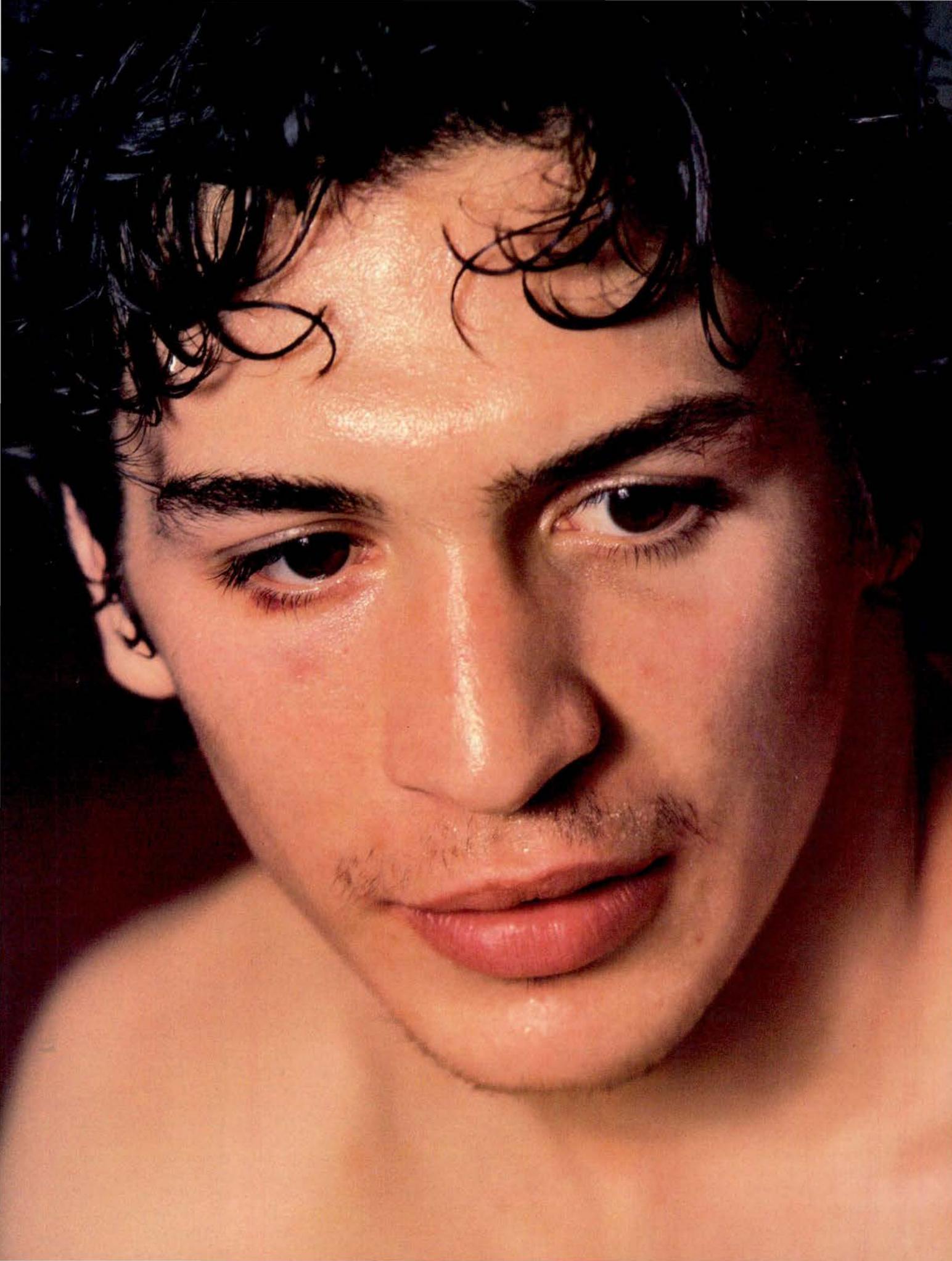
"It's a very unusual problem, and we don't know all there is to know about it," concedes Dr. I. Leonard Bernstein. "We don't even know why it actually happens." Dr. Bernstein, an immunologist at the University of Cincinnati Medical Center, has specialized in treating the disorder.

Once the woman starts producing antibodies against the plasma, the allergy in most instances advances in three stages. Like an allergic reaction to penicillin, it grows more severe each time the afflicted woman is exposed to the substance. The initial reaction to the allergy is generally a mild skin rash. This deceptively harmless reaction is especially dangerous because these early symptoms for the most part go unnoticed and untreated. If not treated, however, the allergy enters the second stage, which involves respiratory complications similar to those experienced by Nancy. If the condition progresses to the third stage, the woman slips into shock. At this point her blood pressure plummets, and without immediate medical attention—usually shots of adrenaline—the allergy will prove fatal.

The allergic reaction is unpredictable in the speed of its progression. Typically, it grows gradually more serious with each repeated contact during intercourse. However, with some—as with Nancy—it can take several months to become critical. With others, it may lie dormant for a period of time and then strike again.

The major obstacle in treating this allergy is a general ignorance about the condition itself—on the part of victims and doctors. Because the allergy is relatively rare and its existence has only recently been recognized in medical circles, there are few facilities to treat it. In addition, most physicians don't look for a sex-related allergy when treating a case of hives, and by the time they suspect something else, the victim's condition is usually critical. When the allergy

(continued on page 134)



# BOOM BOOM MANCINI

## Death Haunts a Champion

Profile by Ben Pesta

There's little to cheer about these days in Youngstown, Ohio, a decaying blue-collar city caught up in America's worst economic recession in 40 years. More than 20% of its 116,000 citizens are out of work. Its 60% youth-unemployment rate is the highest in the nation. Delapidated houses and blighted neighborhoods mar the landscape. Bankruptcies and foreclosures occur in record numbers. Despairing families lined up for handouts at Salvation Army soup kitchens and local churches are familiar sights. Many of them lack the money to pay their gas and electricity bills.

But for the working-class people who drown their sorrows at such bars as the Golden Dawn or DeMain's Royal Oaks, a curly-haired local resident shines as a symbol of hope for this once-prosperous steelmaking community. With good reason they call Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini "The Pride of Youngstown." Last May the crowd-pleasing boxer, who has lived most of his 21 years in a modest house on Cambridge Avenue, knocked out his opponent with a powerful left hook and became Lightweight Champion of the World.

For one night, at least, all of Youngstown had something to cheer about. Mancini followers screamed in their living rooms as the television screen showed their hero holding his newly

won World Boxing Association championship belt high over his head. The drinks were on the house at the Talk-of-the-Town Tavern, where applauding patrons watched Boom Boom embrace his mother with tears in his eyes.

"Hail to Our Champion," read the banner headline in the *Youngstown Vindicator*. "Boom Boom Wins Title for Dad."

"This was the biggest day in our lives," exulted 66-year-old Lenny Mancini, Ray's father. "It couldn't have been a bigger thrill if I'd won it myself. Ray said he'd do it, and he did. That was his dream. There never was any doubt in my mind he'd be a champion."

\* \* \*

This is the story of a dream that became reality and its nightmarish aftermath: the day last November, six months after winning the title, when Ray Mancini killed a man in the most brutal and direct way imaginable—beating him to death with his fists for a quarter of a million dollars.

The dream was actually Lenny Mancini's, but it came true some 40 years later for his hard-hitting son with the murderous left-handed punch. Back in 1940 the original Boom Boom Mancini was one of the best lightweight boxers in the world. Maybe the best. *Ring* magazine, which is to boxing what *Variety* is to show business, ranked the fearless,

5-foot-2-inch brawler right behind champion Sammy Angott as the number-one contender. Then World War II prevented Lenny from getting his title shot. Instead, he was drafted into the Army and found himself in a much bigger contest—the Battle of the Bulge.

His outfit was attacking the enemy in Metz, France, during the summer of 1944 when the Germans responded with an artillery barrage. "Shrapnel hit me in the shoulder, the leg and the spine," he recalls. "Until then, being a boxer again when the war was over was always on my mind, even in combat. But when I got hit, I was just hoping to get out of there alive."

Things were never quite the same after Mancini recovered from his wounds and resumed his career. A training injury forced the postponement of one championship bout. He negotiated for others, without succeeding. So Lenny never did get his shot at the title. And several years later he realized he wasn't getting any younger or earning a living wage either. Fighters didn't make a million bucks for a night's work in the '40s. His biggest payday was only \$5,000.

Rather than prolong a dead-end career and risk waking up in a rented room with a bashed-up face and a pickled brain, he quit the fight game and mar-

ried a girl he'd met outside a New York gymnasium. They settled down in Youngstown, and Lenny worked construction. Every now and then he'd meet somebody who remembered him as a fighter. "Boom Boom Mancini!" the guy would say. "You were a game little guy. One of the best."

But never *the* best. Never the champ.

That hurt a little, but life goes on. Lenny had a living to earn and a family to raise. Neither task was easy, especially in a Mob-infested mill town like Youngstown. "We're not talking about Beverly Hills or Grosse Point here," says Bert Randolph Sugar, editor and publisher of *Ring* magazine. "Youngstown is a place where cars blow up regularly, not of their own accord."

But Lenny and Ellen Mancini were equal to the task. They were strict Catholic parents, and their children grew up with discipline and supervision in a supportive family environment.

Their third child, Ray, liked nothing better than sitting on Lenny's knee and listening to stories about his father's

days as a fighter. "We got a picture of Ray at eight months old with gloves on, and when he was little, he'd hit me in the stomach," Lenny recalls. "By the time he was six or eight, those punches got hard. When he was ten or so, I put up a punching bag for him."

The makeshift training gear was Lenny's Army duffel bag—filled with rags. Mancini didn't raise his son to be a boxer. "He told me what a hard, painful life it was," Ray says. "He said, 'Don't be dumb; don't fight.' But a fighter was what the kid wanted to be, and the elder Mancini knew it.

"When he was little, I didn't let him go to the gym," Lenny says. "If kids go there when they're too small, they get beat up. That's no good. He played football and basketball instead, but I knew he'd be a boxer."

Ray Mancini grew up to be 5-6½ and weigh about 134 pounds; so it was dead certain he wasn't going to be a football or basketball player. And besides, he had a dream. He wanted to win the lightweight title his father had been un-

able to attain. The old man was Ray's hero.

"From the time I was five, I used to bring people to the house to see my father's scrapbook," he recalls. "Grown-ups, not just kids. . . . The thing in the scrapbook that meant the most to me was this publicity poster that was a montage of pictures. And in one newspaper clipping after my father fought Billy Marquart, there was a picture of him with his left eye closed. But he won the fight, and his upper lip was twisted in a faint smile."

"That was no faint smile," his father protests. "The lip was puffed up."

As an eighth-grader at St. Dominic's parochial school, Ray Mancini wrote a poem about his dad. It was called "I Walk in Your Shadow." Its last lines are these: *I want to be his model, and live with his great name./For I am this man's son, and I'll never bear shame.*

Bert Sugar says of Ray, "He's not insincere when he professes his love for his dad—which, in today's age, is a unique thing."

## A Death in Las Vegas

Within minutes of being pounded to the Caesars Palace canvas by Ray Mancini's mortal blow, South Korean boxer Duk Koo Kim was removed from the ring in a stretcher and rushed to Desert Springs Hospital. "He had a blood clot that covered the entire right side of his brain," said Dr. Lonnie Hammargren, who operated on the unconscious fighter for 2½ hours. He added that the cause of the clot was probably a single punch that ruptured a small vein in Kim's brain. Since the clot was on the right side, the punch that put him in a coma must have been Mancini's thundering 14th-round left.

"I haven't seen the films of the fight and could not say if it was the last blow," said the neurosurgeon, "but in all probability it was." He noted that no one could have fought for long after suffering such an injury. Doctors put Kim on a respirator to keep him breathing. The massive clot had almost completely destroyed the fighter's brain. "His eyes are fixed, and almost all of his reflexes are gone," said Dr. Hammargren. "We always try to keep a little hope, but his chances of survival are small. These injuries are usually fatal."

South Korea's Ministry of Sports flew Kim's mother, Yang Sun Nyo, to the United States to see her terminally injured son. After a desperate attempt to save his life by a team of Korean acupuncturists who jabbed 40 "mystery needles" into Kim's arms and legs, the 65-year-old woman agreed to let doctors take him off the respirator. She also permitted his heart and kidneys to be donated to people in need of transplants.

"The American doctors and nurses have done their best to rejuvenate my son," she said. "In spite of all our efforts, we cannot rejuvenate him. My son has shown bravery in fighting Mr. Mancini. My true reason for the transplants is that my son can live forever and have everlasting life in this world. . . . His fighting spirit can be given to others."

It was a gallant and heartrending performance. But *Ring* magazine's Bert Sugar felt that's just what Yang Sun Nyo's speech was—a performance. "That woman is not his mother," Sugar said. "Kim's real mother died seven years ago. Yang Sun Nyo's trip to America was a put-up job by the South Korean Ministry of Sports. While Kim's brain was dead, his heart



Preceding the fight, Mancini and Kim hammed it up. But when the bell rang, the champ landed numerous blows worthy of his nickname.

Virtually every day after school—with the exception of Sundays, when he faithfully worshiped at St. Dominic's Church—Mancini visited a gymnasium and worked hard to perfect basic footwork, punch combinations and defensive moves. At age 16 he entered the local Golden Gloves competition and eventually won an impressive 43 of 50 amateur bouts. Twenty-three of those victories were knockouts.

He graduated with honors from Cardinal Mooney High School, boasting grades good enough to earn a college scholarship. But Mancini had something he considered more important to do than furthering his education. He dedicated himself to winning the lightweight title for his old man.

"If my father had become world champion, I'd of never fought," Ray admits. "I'd of said, 'Hey, he was world champ!' It would have been enough for me."

Turning pro at 18, Mancini won ten of his first 11 fights by knockouts. Only one of them went beyond three rounds.

Six ended when Mancini flattened his opponent in the first three minutes. He was an aggressive fighter, always on the attack. People began calling him "Boom Boom," the nickname first made famous by his father.

Like his father, Ray Mancini doesn't have much of a jab—a scientific punch that can do a lot of damage, especially when applied repeatedly to an opponent's face. Muhammad Ali, who didn't have the devastating strength of a Rocky Marciano or a Sonny Liston, jabbed the face and body with the skill of a surgeon. It won him a lot of fights.

What Ray Mancini does have is a left hook—"perhaps the best since Carmen Basilio," in Bert Sugar's estimation. A jab is usually the trademark of an artistic boxer; the left hook looms as the primary weapon of a punishing fighter. When you see a fight photo in which one guy's face looks as if it's being pulled from his skull, he most likely was on the receiving end of a left hook.

Mancini's is especially powerful because, like Basilio, he's a natural lefty.

He fights from the orthodox (right-handed) stance because he's trained himself to do so through practice and discipline. The result is that his hook comes as a surprise (and never a pleasant one) to his opponents.

In October 1981 Ray Mancini took his left hook and an unblemished 20-0 record (15 by knockouts) to Atlantic City, New Jersey, for the title shot his father never got. His opponent, Alexis Arguello, was (and is) among the most capable and scientific fighters ever to step into a prize ring. The Nicaraguan is one of only six men ever to have held world titles in three weight divisions. Arguello was 29 at the time, at the top of his form, with a record of 72-4. He'd already fought 17 title fights, and had come up the winner every time but once.

Recovering from a heart-bypass operation, Lenny Mancini sat in a wheelchair near his son's corner, beaming with pride. But as the bout wore on and it became clear that the older fighter was giving Boom Boom a painful boxing les-

was still beating. Korean culture would say that he was still alive. So Yang Sun Nyo came here to relieve the Sports Ministry of responsibility for killing a Korean. They wanted to save face."

Four days after the fight, Kim was declared legally dead. Doctors disconnected him from the respirator the next day and removed his kidneys. Astonishingly, a terminally ill patient refused the offer of Kim's heart, because he feared receiving too much publicity.

At a memorial service a telegram from Mancini was read in which he called the Korean "a brave and dignified champion who will always be in our thoughts and prayers."

Then, in another bizarre turn, the government-controlled press of Communist North Korea fabricated its own version of the events surrounding Kim's death.

"A U.S. boxer knocked down Kim by striking him on the back of his head in crude violation of the rules," wrote the North Korean Central News Agency. "The U.S. imperialist murderers carried Kim, who was in a coma, having got serious injuries on his brains [sic], to a hospital and, while pretending to give treatment to him, set their eyes on his heart and kidneys and hatched a plot to remove them from him."

"After five days of plotting, the U.S. imperialist ogres ripped

open with a knife the heart and abdomen of Duk Koo Kim, who was alive, and brutally killed him by disconnecting his pulsating heart and kidneys...." In truth, American doctors had struggled valiantly to save Kim's life.

Things became even stranger when a 22-year-old Korean woman named Lee Yong Mi surfaced, claiming to have been Kim's fiancee. She announced her intention of marrying the dead man to "console" his spirit. After that, she vowed to remain celibate for life. Lee Yong Mi, who returned to South Korea with Kim's body, also announced that she was four months' pregnant with the boxer's child. Under Korean law, she will receive about \$100,000 from Kim's estate to use in raising the baby.

Duk Koo Kim had lived in a one-room apartment in South Korea's capital city of Seoul. On the wall he'd hung a motto: "Poverty is my teacher." He is said to have written in a diary, "I cannot forget sayings always stressed by my primary-school teacher that a man leaves behind his name and a tiger leaves behind a pelt. Born as a man, I cannot pass away silently like weeds. I have to leave behind my name to be a man."

Kim once said, "If it had not been thanks to boxing, I would have been a dirty punk." He was 23 when he died.



*Following the knockout, Kim slumped to the canvas and was later sped to a hospital. The next day, Boom Boom vainly prayed for his recovery.*

son, Lenny himself could almost feel the savage punches. Young Mancini was game, but Arguello all but jabbed his head off. The referee stopped the fight at one minute and 46 seconds of the 14th round.

Despite a cut lip and a puffy face, Mancini opened with a joke at the post-fight press conference. "It would have been a helluvan upset, huh?" he said. Then he lost his composure. "I'm just glad it's over," he continued. "It takes a lot out of you—these championship fights. The disappointment's going to hurt longer than these wounds. I wanted to win it for my father...." His voice broke, and he began to cry. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "I'm not acting like a professional."

As gracious out of the ring as he'd been devastating inside it, Arguello told his young challenger, "You don't have to be sorry. This is a better experience than any fight you've ever had. You'll be better for this." And to the press he added, "I think my heart is special. But his heart is bigger than I have."

Seven months later, Mancini signed for another shot at the title. "I just know this is the time," he said a week before the fight. "The Lord has these plans for me, and I can't see me losing."

For those who were skeptical about Mancini's mention of the Deity, Young-

town *Vindicator* sports editor Chuck Perazich put the fighter's remarks in perspective. "He's a young man who truly believes in love for God and love for family," Perazich wrote. "He's convinced Divine Providence had a hand in providing (this) second opportunity."

The Arguello match had been for the World Boxing Council (WBC) lightweight crown. Now Mancini was to fight against Arturo Frias, the World Boxing Authority (WBA) lightweight champ.

(Between them, the WBC and WBA sanction most professional fights. But the two organizations aren't on speaking terms, and often a WBC titleholder won't even appear in the WBA rankings, and vice versa. In fact, they have no common champion in any of their weight classes.)

(This ludicrous situation persists because television has come to dominate professional boxing. As far as TV is concerned, two rival boxing groups mean twice as many champions and twice as many championship bouts—bringing the additional advertising revenues for commercials that go with them.)

As it turned out, few commercials were seen during the Mancini-Frias fight at the Alladin Hotel in Las Vegas. That's because the match lasted a mere two minutes and 54 seconds—the length of time it took Boom Boom to overcome

some stinging punches and beat Frias senseless with his brutal left hook. During the final 22 seconds, Mancini threw 34 blows, and almost all of them landed.

"What you saw was skyrockets and fireworks," he shouted afterward, while his cornermen staunched the blood pouring from a cut left eyelid. In a story-book ending, Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini had brought the lightweight title home to Lenny—just as he'd promised.

TV and newspaper reporters played up the father-son angle for all it was worth. "Boom Boom has given fresh testimony to the rewards of dedication and hard work, and added yet another dimension to the meaning of family," noted a *Youngstown Vindicator* editorial.

But that wasn't all Boom Boom had going for him. He was Italian. (A recognizable ethnic identity is extremely desirable for any boxer; it can help to develop a following quickly.) He was white. He was also polite and well spoken, the kind of champ the press loves to cover. Most notable of all was his relentless boxing style. He pursued opponents across the ring, using his left hook like a sledgehammer. Fans knew that a Ray Mancini fight would be anything but dull. He was the people's champ—a real working-class hero.

The young champion defended his new title just two months after winning it, opposing former titleholder Ernesto Espana in Warren, Ohio, just ten miles from Youngstown. Twenty thousand people from the economically troubled Mahoning Valley paid up to 50 bucks apiece to see their hometown idol.

And Boom Boom Mancini felt a special obligation to them. "I ain't no Gerry Cooney," he said two days before the fight. "I'm no white hope. I have black and Hispanic fans too, because they know I battle for what I've got. That's why I made them bring me home to defend the title. These are my people, blue collars, the best fight fans. They know I'm an honest workman."

The late Jimmy Cannon, one of boxing's best reporters ever, used that same phrase—"an honest workman"—to describe the great middleweight Tony Zale 30 years earlier. How can you not love a kid who talks and fights like Ray Mancini? The fans adore him.

With actor Sylvester "Rocky" Stallone watching at ringside, Mancini knocked out Espana in the sixth round. Promoters, reporters and TV journalists now knew they had a legitimate hero.

His next defense was set for last November at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas against an unheralded South Korean lightweight named Duk Koo Kim. Mancini's purse would be his biggest yet: a (continued on page 48)



Collins

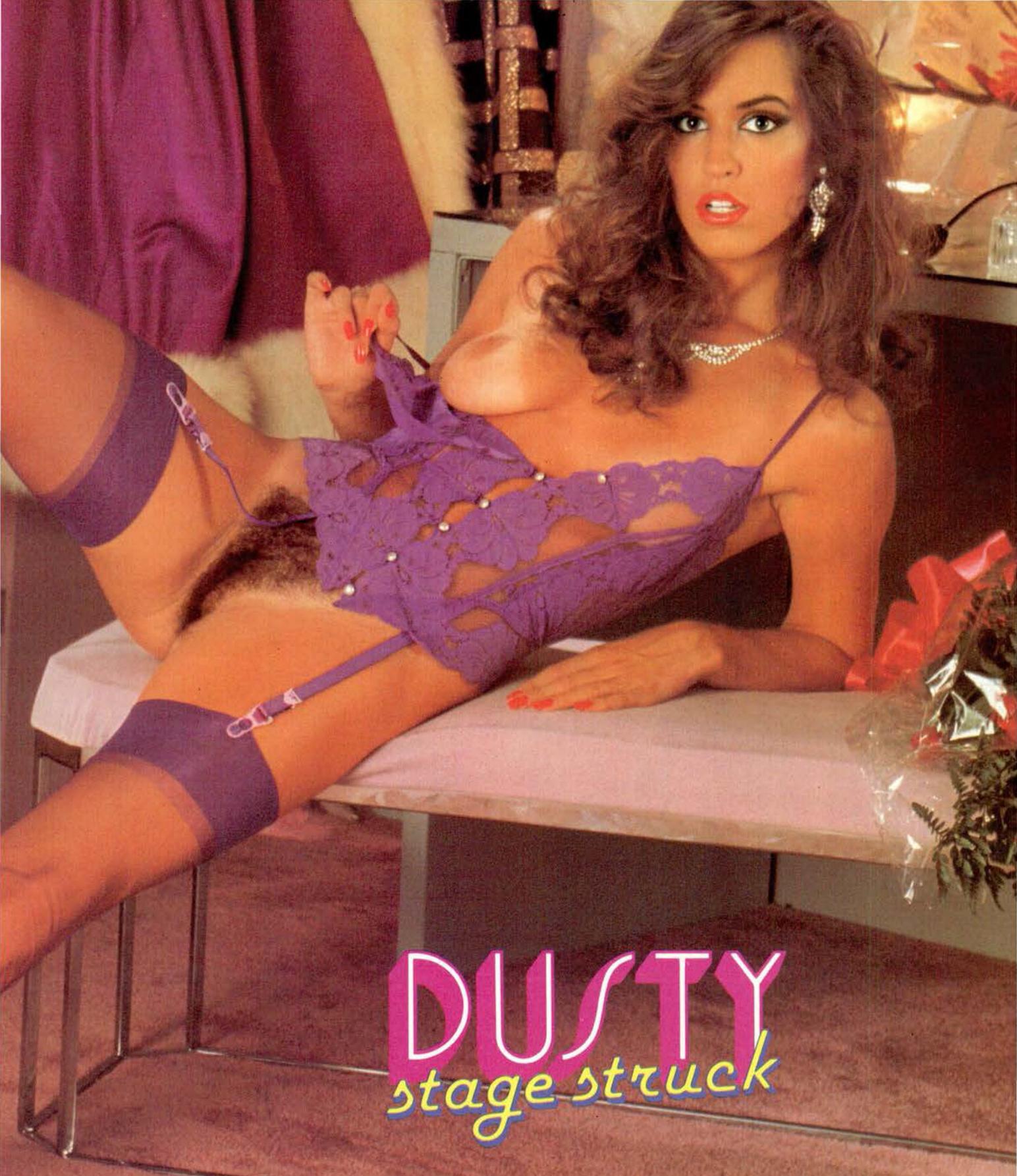
"Hey, Lou. The big guy wants to hear some country music.  
Send up Marty Robbins!"



Trosley



Photography by Clive McLean



DUSTY  
*stage struck*

**HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC**









Sitting alone in her dressing room on opening night, listening to the muffled drone of the audience taking their seats, Dusty feels her pre-performance butterflies create a strangely erotic anxiety inside her. She closes her eyes and begins to run her hands over her soft skin. Gradually, she slips her fingers beneath her corset and senses that the tender flesh between her thighs is warm and moist. As she trails a finger up the length of her silky triangle, the evening's fears are forgotten in the new urgency she feels within her. Slowly, she lets her finger sink to the center of her yearning. Her desire builds like floodwaters behind a dam. Finally, it bursts through, carrying her away in a torrent of passion like the thunder of distant applause. The curtain rises; Dusty's ready to go on.









## BOOM BOOM MANCINI

(continued from page 36)

quarter-million dollars. While not in the Hearns-Leonard or Holmes-Cooney class, that sum wasn't bad for a 21-year-old with just 25 professional fights under his belt. Ray Mancini had become a big attraction. With Sugar Ray Leonard retired, some said he'd soon be the biggest draw in boxing.

Duk Koo Kim was not, to put it mildly, nearly as well-known as Boom Boom Mancini. There was some question as to how the match had been arranged. The Korean was rated as the World Boxing Authority's top contender, but the World Boxing Council didn't rate him at all. Neither did *Ring* magazine. But Koreans have a powerful voice in the WBA—strong enough to pepper the rankings with Korean fighters of questionable ability.

To many experts the Kim-Mancini contest seemed like a mismatch. Surprisingly, it didn't turn out that way. Like Mancini, Kim was an aggressive fighter. He knew he had to take the fight to the champion, and he did. Kim battled Mancini almost evenly for 13 rounds of the bloody showdown. The three judges had Mancini leading by scores of 126-122, 128-124 and 127-121—a narrow lead for the champ, but not a cliffhanger.

"I thought it was a good fight," said the *New York Post*'s Maury Allen, a veteran boxing writer. "Up till the last round, Kim seemed to be defending himself and hitting back."

Added Bert Sugar: "Duk Koo Kim put up the fight of his life. Literally."

But early in the 14th round, Mancini connected with one of his murderous left hooks. Kim staggered, and Mancini followed up with a right. The Korean fell backwards onto the canvas, regaining his footing briefly before collapsing in the referee's grasp and losing consciousness. He was carried out of the ring on a stretcher and never opened his eyes again. (See "A Death in Las Vegas," pages 34-35.)

\* \* \*

Boxing isn't the most dangerous sport in the world. If you want to kill yourself, you'd have a better chance if you became a jockey, took up skydiving or hang-gliding, or even played football. According to the American Medical Association, these sports cause more deaths per thousand participants than boxing.

But boxing is different. It's brutal. It's the only sport in which hurting your opponent is *the whole point*. Each time a fighter is killed in the ring, there's a fresh public outcry to abolish boxing.

Since 1971, 64 men have died in professional and amateur bouts world-

wide. During the past 20 years, four boxers (Kim, Johnny Owen, Davey Moore and Benny "The Kid" Paret) have been killed in pro title fights. Assuredly, boxing has given its critics plenty of ammunition.

"The law cannot prudently move far in advance of mass taste; so boxing cannot be outlawed," Washington columnist George Will wrote after Kim's death. "But in a world in which many barbarities are unavoidable, perhaps it is not too much to hope that some of the optional sorts will be outgrown."

Actually, the chances of a general ban on prizefighting are slim and none. Too many people earn their livings from it. Too many fans love the sport about which Ernest Hemingway, Norman Mailer, A. J. Liebling and others have written so eloquently.

"Boxing is part of this country's heritage," says Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, the famous "fight doctor" who's now a TV commentator. "Would we have been the same without the fury of Jack Dempsey, the dignity and patriotism of Joe Louis, the balletic grace and destructive beauty of Sugar Ray Robinson, the 15 years of mirth and artistry provided by the irrepressible Muhammad Ali? Wouldn't we have been the poorer without it?"

On the other hand, detractors point to the tragedy of Joe Louis—who was hounded by the Internal Revenue Service for back taxes and spent his last years as a lowly "greeter" at Caesars Palace before dying broke. They also speculate whether Ali—who walks like a robot and sometimes finds it difficult to speak coherently—has suffered brain damage. And they cite the recent retirement of 26-year-old welterweight champion Sugar Ray Leonard, his career prematurely ended by a detached retina.

It should also be noted that when a man is killed in the ring, he's not the only victim. His friends and loved ones suffer. And the fighter who killed him is forever changed by the experience. Mancini, for example, was visibly shaken by what happened in Las Vegas.

"Mentally I'm a wreck," he said after the fight. "My family, my friends are all trying to console me. They can't. I was the one in that ring with him. I was the one that hit him. No matter what you get paid—millions, maybe—it's a cheap price for your life. I have to wonder if I want that. I'm not talking retirement now, but I have to decide if I want to go on."

As Duk Koo Kim still clung feebly to life, Mancini offered through his attorney to pay his opponent's medical expenses. He prayed for Kim's life. He huddled with his priest, Father Timothy

(continued on page 132)



"Bad dog!"

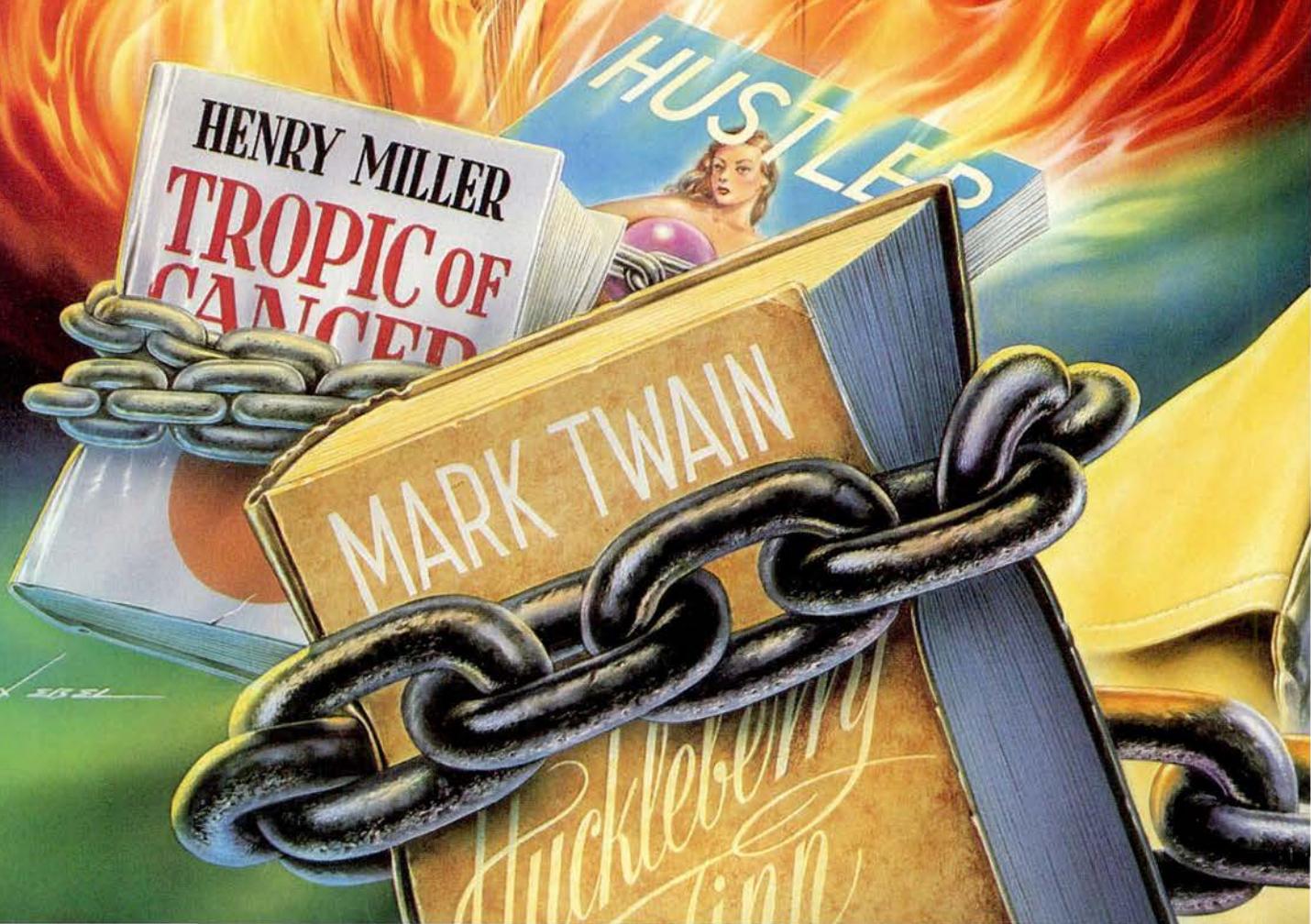
IWAINE TINSELY.

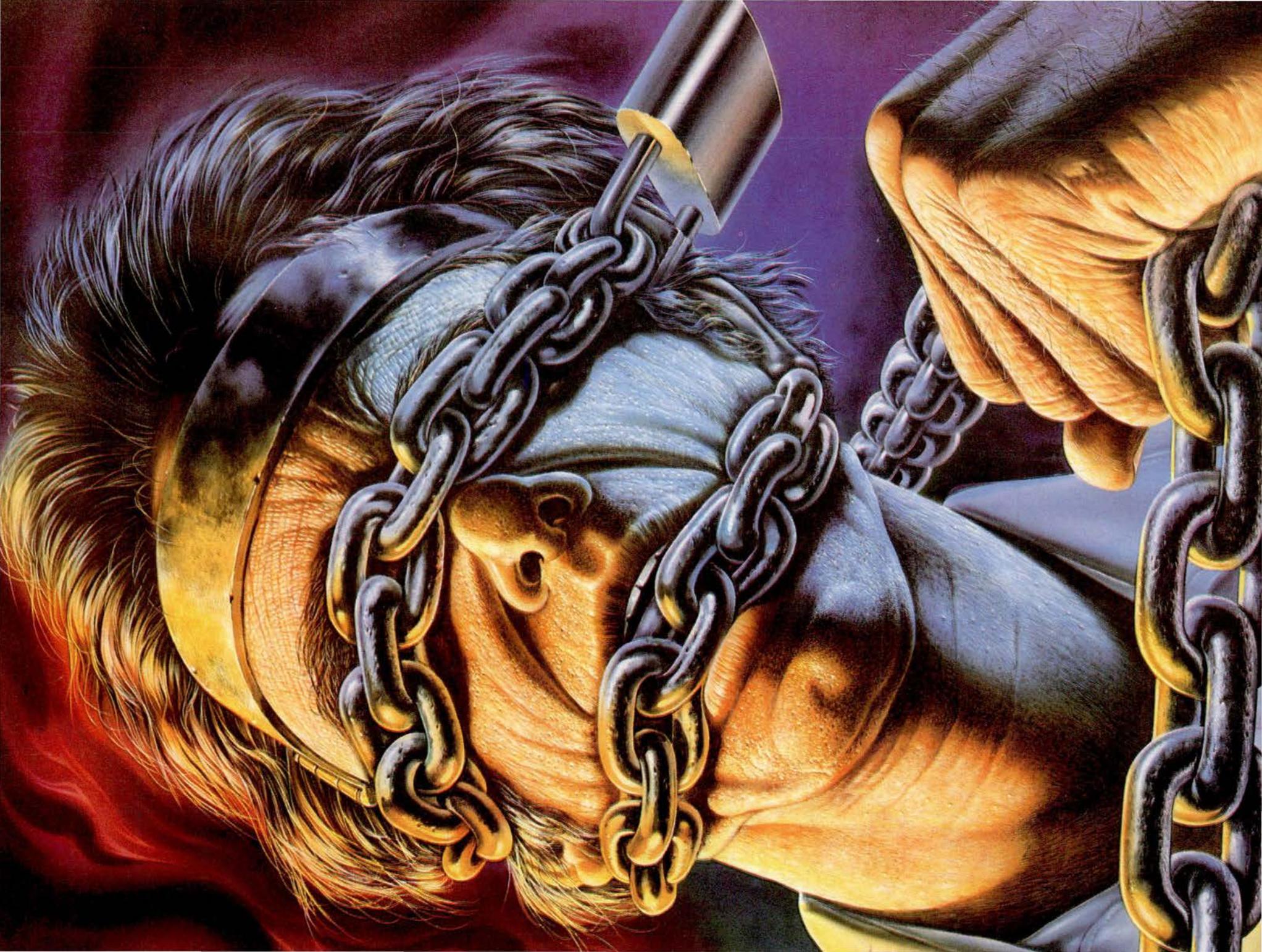


# CENSORSHIP: WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

Dangerous forces of repression are working overtime, determined to ban books, curtail magazine sales and restrict free speech. If steps aren't taken soon to stem these attacks on the First Amendment, our basic freedoms may be gone forever.

**Report by Robert McGarvey**





**W**hen he woke up in a Vietnam military hospital and found that one of his legs had been amputated, the combat soldier reacted with understandable shock and dismay. "Fuck you—fuck you one and all," he told Army doctor Ron Glasser, who later quoted him in *365 Days*, a book about the pain and horror of war. Critics lavished praise on Glasser's work. The *New York Times* called it a book of great emotional impact.

Teachers in tiny Baileyville, Maine, agreed, assigning *365 Days* in high-school classes. But a handful of parents in the Canadian-border town disagreed. They could not stomach what the soldier said when he saw that his leg had been cut off, and they angrily demanded that *365 Days* be removed from local high schools. The school board rubber-stamped the parental demand, and *365 Days*—a book endorsed by many Vietnam veterans for telling it like it really was in the war—was banished from Baileyville.

\* \* \*

Carole Grant, a retired policeman's wife, realized one day that Orem, Utah (population 35,000), had no bookstore. Soon she opened the Book Rack, stocking it with all the best-sellers plus a sprinkling of classics. Suddenly, the town's official Commission of Decency

slapped her with a criminal citation. *A Clockwork Orange* and *Last Tango in Paris* were among the books she sold, and that, said Orem's town fathers, made this middle-aged mother of three a pornographer.

Months of legal wrangling ensued, but Grant refused to compromise what she called her "strong convictions on freedom to read and censorship." Ultimately, charges against her were dropped. But due to the drain on her finances and the inhospitable local climate, the Book Rack disappeared.

So did magazines like *HUSTLER* and *Playboy*. Mrs. Grant gave the Commission of Decency a fight; local merchants who sold men's magazines did not. Under commission pressure, they promised to purge their racks of "obscene" and even "doubtful" material. Now, if you live in Orem and want to read *HUSTLER*, you have to drive out of town to buy a copy.

\* \* \*

In Girard, Pennsylvania, an industrial town tucked in the northwestern part of the state, Linda Burns flipped through the pages of Studs Terkel's *Working*—a book assigned to her son at high school. The 700-page volume is a best-selling history in which everyday people talk in their own words about their lives. Included are the testimonies of men like

Tom Patrick, a New York City fireman who likes his work but says, "I'd like to take some of these politicians right into the fuckin' fire and put their head in the smoke and hold it there. They wouldn't believe it. They don't give a shit for the people."

Linda Burns insisted that the local school board should never allow that "vulgar and obscene" book into Girard's classrooms. Her 18-year-old son, Robert, agreed: "Teachers don't have the right to make us read that kind of crap."

Added his mother: "We strongly object to profanity in the book and fear that students will receive a distorted view of the working world by reading it."

Studs Terkel fought back and, at his own expense, traveled from his Chicago home to Girard. "We who are silent are allowing ourselves to be bullied," he said. "A book can be lynched too. This book is a celebration of workers, the same kind of people who are objecting to it." Finally, he succeeded in convincing the Girard school board. Ruled not to be obscene, *Working* remained on the library shelves and in the classrooms.

There was good reason to applaud Terkel's victory. Freedom of communication and of thought is a hallmark of democracy. Without it, there is no democracy and no freedom. As Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas warned: "Restriction of free thought and free speech is the most dangerous of all subversions. It is the one un-American act that could easily defeat us all."

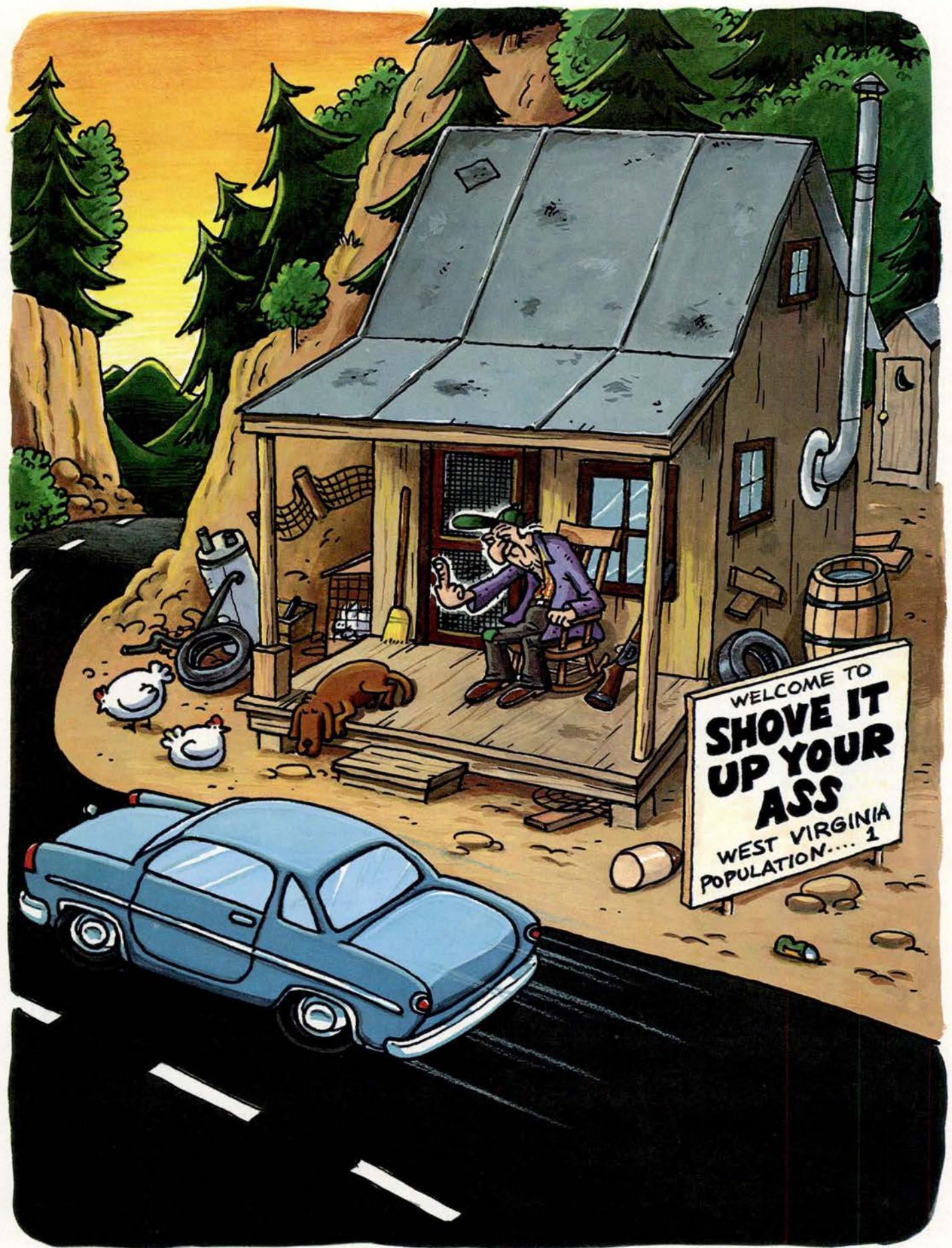
If there is a shared characteristic of all totalitarian countries, of the left and of the right, it is that both speech and publications are stringently censored by the government. In Hitler's Germany, for instance, literally tons of books were methodically, ritualistically burned by Nazi brownshirts for no better reason than that they were written by Jews.

In today's South Africa more than 4,000 books—including Tennessee Williams' award-winning play *A Streetcar Named Desire*—are on the government's banned list. There is no public count of forbidden books in the Soviet Union, but assuredly they number in the thousands. In Poland mere possession of pamphlets published by the Solidarity labor union is a crime.

Matters are supposed to be different in the United States. The First Amendment to the Constitution is plain: Congress, it proclaims, "shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." Said Justice Douglas, "It is anathema to the First Amendment to allow government any role of censorship over newspapers, magazines, books,



"Hubert—come quick! Reverend Falwell's fixin' to stone an adulteress!"



art, music, TV, radio or any other aspect of the press."

Even so, there are few winners nowadays like Studs Terkel. There are many more losers like Carole Grant because America is being confronted with "an epidemic of censorship," as it is called by Leanne Katz of the National Coalition Against Censorship. This contagion is spreading fast across the nation at a fever pitch.

★ In Olympia, Washington, the Moral Majority recently filed suit to force the state library to turn over the names of borrowers of *Achieving Sexual Maturity*, an award-winning sex-education film. This is only one of many frightening examples demonstrating the group's classic strategy of intimidation.

★ In Romeo, Michigan, the school principal took one look at a *Time* magazine cover featuring Cher in a revealing dress and immediately snipped out her chest with a pair of scissors. Only then was *Time* permitted into the school.

★ In Minot, North Dakota, *Newsweek* magazine was prohibited from local schools because it was deemed "too liberal." The same school board—along with dozens more countrywide—has banned the *American Heritage Dictionary* because it defines the word *fuck*.

★ In Fairhope, Alabama, librarian Claire Oaks was fired because she disobeyed the mayor's order to remove from the shelves Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex*, a perennial best-seller. She appealed to a court, which ruled that the book should be allowed back in the library, and she was reinstated. But later, on a technicality, Oaks was fired again. This time there was no appeal.

★ In Sedan, Kansas, mother Connie Payne campaigned hard to ban the high school's Blue Devil emblem. "This is Satan, or a fallen angel, and to me we should not have that over our children in that way, if you believe in God," she proclaimed.

★ In rural Winifred, Montana, teacher Kathy Merrick was fired for introducing a sophomore English class to one of the ten most reprinted stories in the English language—Harlan Ellison's sci-fi fantasy *I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream*. The school board said the work was godless pornography, and because of her tainted teaching credential, Merrick was forced to leave town and work as a waitress to support herself for the next six years. Says Ellison: "In Winifred, Montana, the monsters wear Levi's and farmer straws, and their minds are more alien than the most bizarre tentacled visitor from some far galaxy."

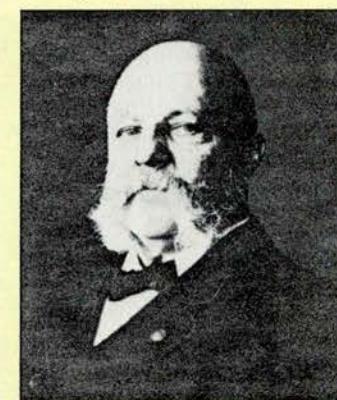
★ In Drake, North Dakota, principal Charles McCarthy had never read Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five*—an immensely praised and popular novel. But McCarthy nonetheless ordered the book tossed into the school furnace.

★ In Holland, Michigan, the children's book *Father Christmas* was condemned because it allegedly puts Santa Claus in a negative light. How? Santa complains about bad weather. (Strangely, the cherished image of Santa Claus is frequently championed by the sanctimonious. To sway the jury at HUSTLER's 1977 obscenity trial in Cincinnati, Ohio, prosecuting attorney Simon Leis Jr. indignantly described HUSTLER as the sort of magazine "which depicts Santa Claus in a lewd and shameful manner.")

★ In Fairfax County, Virginia, John Wallace—an administrator at the Mark Twain Intermediate School—demanded a ban on, ironically, Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. Wallace, a black, said his blood boiled when he saw the word *nigger*, and Twain used the word often in his classic novel. By every account, however, *Huckleberry Finn* is antiracist in theme—a point ignored by Wallace, who heatedly labeled the book "poison." Fortunately, the superintendent of schools overruled him, and the book remained in the classrooms.

"In the interests of virtue and the betterment of society, we've always had elements trying to control what can be read or distributed, whether it's film, pictures or the written word," says Gay Talese, author of *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. "We've always had moral vigilantes who want to tell us what's good for us."

For centuries Roman Catholic popes routinely ordered burned all books deemed heretical or critical of the Church. During the 15th century, Girolamo Savonarola was in charge of many such torchings. The monk's reign of holy terror lasted for several years, until the Pope became angered with his political meddling. The Vatican then judged him to be an enemy of the Church, and Sa-



Anthony Comstock: Famed bluenose

vonarola was burned along with his writings.

In 1557 the Catholic Church began publishing its voluminous *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* (Index of Banned Books), which for four centuries listed thousands of titles that were forbidden reading. Mounds of works, including John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, were condemned because Church leaders felt that they undermined Catholic doctrines.

Writers too were persecuted. William Tyndale wrote a book in which he called priests "maggots and caterpillars." Tyndale was strangled and—for good measure—burned at the stake.

By no means did Catholics have a monopoly on religiously based censorship. In the 17th century, Daniel Defoe wrote *Shortest Way With Dissenters*. The book was at first praised by England's official Anglican Church because Defoe urged that religious skeptics be killed,

no questions asked. Later, the Church decided that Defoe was mocking theological bigotry and intolerance. The book was banned, and Defoe was imprisoned and fined.

In 1628 Alexander Leighton, author of *Sion's Plea Against the Prelacie*, angered England's Church and government authorities, who didn't appreciate the book's healthy swipes at organized religion. Besides being jailed for life, Leighton had his ears chopped off and his nose split in half.

As the power of churches to censor steadily diminished, the real muscle behind censorship shifted to governments. John Stubbs, a feisty Englishman, was among the first to find that out. In 1579 he issued a blistering attack on Queen Elizabeth I and was speedily convicted of subversion against the state. By order of the Queen, a meat cleaver was held against his right wrist and smashed with a mallet. When Stubbs' hand fell to the ground, he knew better than to press his luck. The writer raised his hat with his left hand and shouted, "God save the Queen!"

The Stubbs case is memorable not just for the brutality of his punishment but also for the message it conveyed to other writers of that era. The state had firmly entrenched itself as a lethal censor.

Before long, state-empowered censors began to cast a still-wider net. In 1727 London publisher Edmund Curll was



Book-torching in Warsaw, Ind.

dragged before a judge and tried for printing *Venus in the Cloister*. Absolutely no threat to religious doctrine or to the state was to be found in this sexy little story. But the jurists found Curll guilty and sentenced him

# CENSORSHIP

## Through the Ages

to one hour in the pillory (where passersby were free to throw anything, except stones, at his face and head).

Compared with Stubbs, Currill got off easily. But English language and literature did not escape unharmed. Currill's case had established a new third area of censorship. "Obscenity"—literary sexiness—also became illegal.

Those three areas deemed ripe for official censorship—sedition, heresy, obscenity—were soon imported into the British colonies of the New World. In 1650 America's first book-burning occurred in Boston when William Pynchon's *The Meritorious Price of Our Redemption* was condemned by Massachusetts' Puritan elders.

In 1721 James Franklin, Ben's brother, was jailed for printing a newspaper story that took to task the colonial government of Massachusetts. Fourteen years later, printer John Peter Zenger was thrown into prison for criticizing the colonial governor of New York. In colony after colony, hundreds of writers and publishers found themselves incarcerated, often for simply having offended the vanity of British-appointed governors.

When the British exited after the American Revolution, censorship was supposed to stop with the adoption of the First Amendment to the Constitution in 1791.

But seven years later, Congress signed into law the Sedition Act of 1798, making it a criminal offense to speak against the President or Congress. The first victim was a congressman, Matthew Lyon, who complained that President John Adams' administration indulged in "an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation and selfish avarice." Lyon spent five cold

months in jail for those words.

In 1801 the Sedition Act expired, but homegrown American censorship persisted at the state and local level.

★ In 1821, following the first obscenity trial in U.S. history, John Cleland's *Fanny Hill: Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*—a book found in Ben Franklin's personal library—was banned in Boston.

★ In Louisiana, up through the Civil War, talk against slavery was punishable by death.

★ In the 1870s a rabid, evangelical New Yorker named Anthony Comstock mounted a crusade against sexually oriented materials—which he defined so broadly as to include everything from poet Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* to marriage manuals. Despite the all-inclusiveness of his bluenosed vision, Comstock persuaded the 1873 Congress to pass a law that banned "obscenity" from the mails.

★ In 1915 Margaret Sanger's pamphlet "Family Limitation," a tract on birth control, was judged obscene.

★ In 1923 James Joyce's *Ulysses* was burned as obscene by the U.S. Post Office. Although the novel had won numerous international awards, *Ulysses* was again banned by U.S. Customs seven years later.

★ In 1948 the government began seizing all mailings to U.S. citizens from selected foreign countries (such as the Soviet Union). "If ignorant people read it, they might begin to believe it," explained an official.

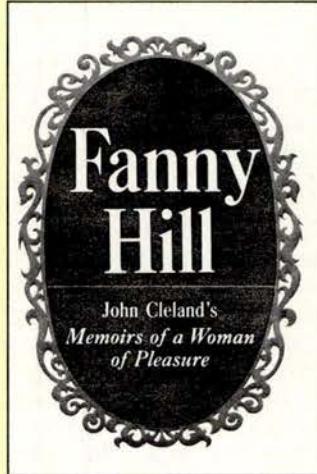
★ In 1959 *The Rabbit's Wedding*—a children's book—was banned in Alabama because the state senate sniffed out a pro-integration message in the story's marriage of a white and black rabbit.

★ Throughout the McCarthy era of the 1950s, libraries and even bookstores were purged of

books deemed pro-Communist. Senator Joe McCarthy personally insisted that 30,000 books be removed from U.S. government-information libraries, and some of them were burned.

But the tide suddenly turned as people realized the horrors censorship breeds—such as the demand of an Indiana public-school commissioner that there be no further mention in the state's schools of Robin Hood and his merry men, because they were "pro-Communist."

Censorship cases became



fewer and fewer by the 1960s and 1970s, while the memory of McCarthyism's stench was still strong. Hundreds of books were legally printed and sold here for the first time, including classics like the Marquis de Sade's 18th-century masterpiece *120 Days of Sodom*. Even *Fanny Hill: Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* was ruled legal in 1966 as the U.S. Supreme Court overturned a Massachusetts ban that had

lasted for 144 years. And magazines like *HUSTLER*, which could never have been sold previously, came into being.

However, this was *not* a fairy-tale era in which the First Amendment was at long last scrupulously observed. There were still concerted attempts at censorship. Blacks agitated against *Little Black Sambo* and *Amos and Andy*. Jews fought productions of Shakespeare's play *The Merchant of Venice* because they were offended by its depiction of Shylock, the Jewish moneylender. Italians howled about Mario Puzo's *The Godfather* and fought to get the word *Mafia* off television.

Individuals suffered too. *Eros* magazine publisher Ralph Ginzburg—who pointedly sent out his mailings with postmarks from towns like Blueball and Intercourse, Pennsylvania—was jailed as a pornographer. Novelist Henry Miller (*Tropic of Cancer*) was subjected to unrelenting attacks. Comic Lenny Bruce was hounded by police for using the words *cocksucker* and *come* in his act.

And *HUSTLER* itself was under continual siege as witch-hunting prosecutors in Atlanta, Georgia, and Cincinnati, Ohio, tried to get us banned.

Even so, for the large part such censorial efforts were mild in comparison with earlier American history. Relatively few books or magazines actually were condemned.

Then something snapped, plunging us once more into the new storm of frenzied censorship that exists today.



At the urging of evangelist Bill Adams, a self-appointed censor who believes that rock music reduces moral inhibitions, people attending a revival service in Saluda, S.C., took to the streets and burned rock albums.

★ In Chicago as a guest on Phil Donahue's TV show, feminist author Anne Gaylor was forbidden to mention her book *Abortion Is a Blessing*. It would "create a shock wave across America," said Donahue, the host who boasts he is "afraid of no subject and willing to ask the most provocative questions before the most demanding audiences." The climate of censorship inhibits even those who claim to have high ideals.

★ In Los Angeles all seven VHF television stations declined to run paid advertisements for the Monty Python movie *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball*. The commercial, which featured a Python trouper posing as a member of "the Oral Majority," was also condemned by these stations as "tasteless."

★ Also in Los Angeles, harmless, "adult" video games may fall victim to bluenosed wrath. Ruling that such games as "Custer's Revenge," "Bachelor Party" and "Beat Em and Eat Em" were pornographic, sexist and racist, the county board of supervisors voted to draw up an ordinance banning their sale. "The county has no more power to censor a video game than it has to ban a book," warned the *Los Angeles Times*.

★ In New York the Freedom From Religion Foundation—a group seeking strict enforcement of the Constitution's guarantee of church-state separation—

discovered that censorship extends even into the nation's largest city. No network-owned local television station would agree to sell the foundation advertising time. Reasons were never offered. The stations just said no.

★ On national TV, the Reverend Donald Wildmon's so-called Coalition for Better Television has claimed a long string of victories in its campaign to purge network programming of violence and, especially, sex. The narrow-minded Mississippi minister's method is to scare off sponsors from shows he feels are sexually offensive or anti-Christian by threatening boycotts of their products.

★ Pressure groups have also affected the movie industry. "An X rating is so tainted that no major studio will distribute it," says Bob Clark, producer of last year's comedy hit *Porky's*. "It kills your film." In 1976, 60 films (12% of all rated movies) earned an X. In 1981, just 27 (8% of the rated films) were rated X.

X-rated motion pictures cannot be advertised in the *Los Angeles Times*, *Miami News*, *Detroit News* and dozens of other newspapers nationwide. These publications succumbed to pressure from the right-wing Catholic Citizens for Decent Literature and voluntarily imposed a ban on ads for sexually themed movies.

★ Make an R-rated movie, and it may

even be banned from cable television. In Utah the state legislature recently passed a law so strict in its prohibitions against sex that even *Kramer vs. Kramer* (with its one fleeting nude scene) would be denied broadcast. That law was overturned by the courts, but cable TV is fast becoming a censorial battleground. Father Morton Hill, a Catholic priest and head of Morality in Media, said of cable sex: "This stuff shouldn't be on TV, because the media is too powerful an influence on social values—and children's eyes. There should be laws." If Hill gets his way, there will be. In Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, California, Texas and a number of other states, movements to ban R-rated movies on cable are well under way.

★ *HUSTLER* itself will disappear from nationwide retail outlets if Women Against Violence in Pornography gets its way. While only one judgment of *HUSTLER* as pornographic or obscene has ever been sustained, Judith Bat-Ada—a spokeswoman for this extremist group—still wants to see men's magazines vanish from drugstores, grocery stores and newsstands. "We want to see all pornography banned," she says.

\* \* \*

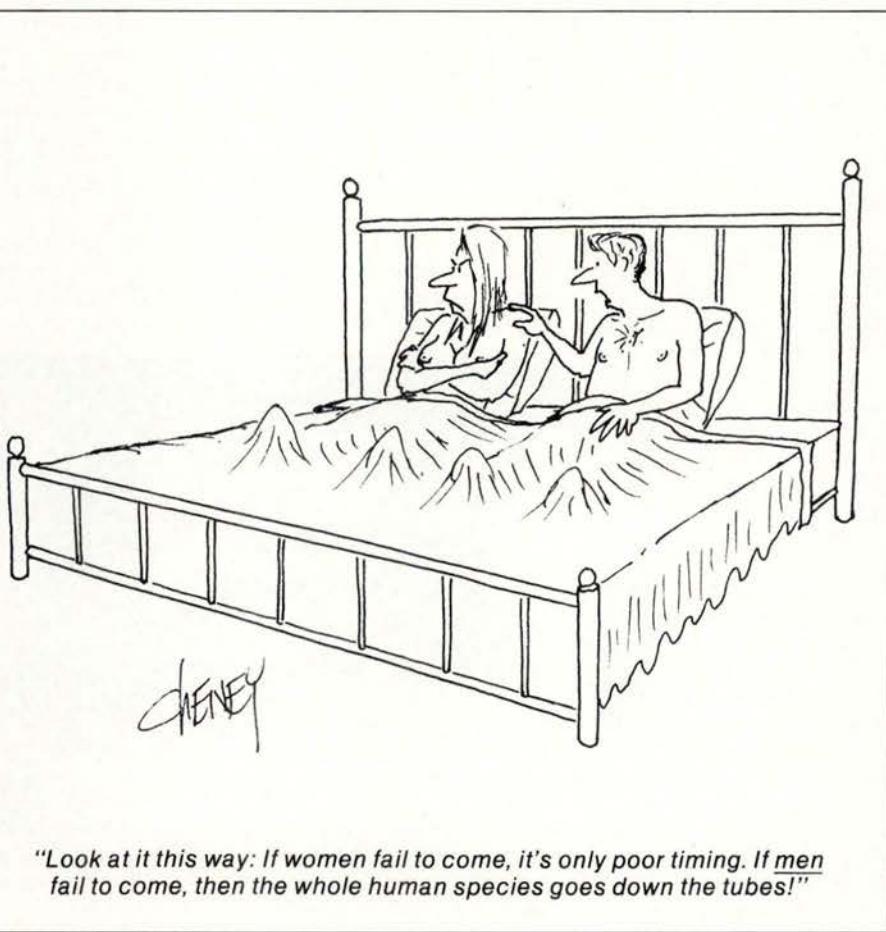
Look over this list—and it is just a sampling of the censorship that is happening today—and the dimensions of the danger become clear. Like the 1950s, this surge of suppression again is right-wing in nature; but this time there is a decidedly religious twist featuring members of the Moral Majority or one of its kindred groups (Christian Voice, Campus Crusade for Christ, the Coalition for Better Television).

"The First Amendment is usually most endangered when the nation is most fearful," said writer Nat Hentoff. And today there is much to be anxious about. The economy is a mess. The United States is losing its dominance over world political and economic affairs. Doubts exist everywhere.

But there is more behind this new censorship than heightened anxieties. "Censors do not understand their own motivations," observed Carey McWilliams, the late editor of *The Nation* magazine. "To a degree, [their] fear that certain motivations may have harmful effects on others and on society is genuine. But the real fear stems from a fear the censor has about himself, about his own impulses and desires."

In short, the censor is the problem—not the materials he demands to be censored.

Censors' thoughts follow inexplicable, frequently bizarre pathways. Most people look at soft-core *HUSTLER* photographs and enjoy them for what they





JUANITA TAYLOR

"Food!"

are. Others view hard-core films for a similar reason. The censor, however, becomes frightened by the same items because sexually oriented material provokes desires and urges that he fears will overpower him.

(Such desires overpowered evangelist Billy James Hargis, who spoke long and loud against sex in films and literature from the pulpit. Much to his embarrassment, it was discovered that this hypocrite had repeatedly enjoyed sex with his teenage followers, both male and female.)

Most people would read a piece of pro-Communist literature and decide whether or not they liked it on the merits of its argument. But when the censor sees Karl Marx's *Communist Manifesto*, his fundamental beliefs are threatened.

Look hard at any censor, and what you will see is raw, irrational fear. That fear comes through clearest in examples like the woman in Issaquah, Washington, who sat—calculator in hand—and counted 785 “profanities” in J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. When finished, she announced that Salinger's novel about a schoolboy growing up is part “of an overall Communist plot.” Incredibly, complaints like hers are taken seriously in some quarters; *Catcher in the Rye* is banned in dozens of schools.

Also taken seriously is the Moral Majority's Jerry Falwell, who said he is “sickened” by HUSTLER. “I don't subscribe to *Playboy*,” he added. “As a matter of fact, I don't know a real Christian who does. I'll repeat that: I don't know a real Christian who does subscribe to *Playboy* or any such smut magazine.”

That, at least, is what Falwell said. Journalists Flo Conway and Jim Siegelman (authors of *Holy Terror*) swear that while in Falwell's office they saw a magazine-subscription invoice made out to the Reverend Falwell. The publication? *Playboy*.

“We're living in a dirty age, a filthy age,” intoned Fundamentalist preacher Jimmy Swaggart. “I mean, it's *dirty*! Twenty years ago you turned on a television, you would not have heard the profanity! . . . Now you turn on television, and it's one curse word after the other. Besides that, the women are so indecently dressed that it's so vulgar that it defies description. It is inane! It is absurd! It is a *ludicrous*! It is stupid!”

Despite his wild-eyed harangue, Swaggart relies on television to collect \$20 million a year in donations.

There is also the Fresno, California, woman, a member of IMPACT (Interest-ed Monitoring People Against Contemporary Textbooks), who studied a third-grade primer with a magnifying glass

and decided a picture of a rabbit was pornographic. “The far leg of the bunny starts in the middle of his tummy,” she said. “It appears to subliminally represent a different part of the body.”

The objections raised by these censors may well be lunatic, but there is an undeniable deadliness to their efficient methods. Complaints about books to the American Library Association now stand at 1,000 annually, and that's up threefold since 1980.

At least 300 books are banned in our nation's schools, and the total rises daily, according to Anne Edwards of the Authors Guild. Twelve states now have under consideration laws that would restrict the sale or display of magazines like HUSTLER and CHIC.

“Our fear is that there is a concerted effort under way,” says Max Lillenstein of the American Booksellers Association, “and that it is getting larger and stronger.”

Adds Judith Krug of the American Library Association: “We're seeing the most massive, vicious and sophisticated censorship since the McCarthy era.”

Since the election of Ronald Reagan, the White House has made it a crime to print the names of undercover CIA operatives even if the names have been widely printed abroad (the Agent Identities Act). It has sought to gut the Freedom of Information Act (which gives citizens the right to inquire into governmental activities). It has shut down inmate newspapers at several federal prisons. It has sought to suppress documents that show the British government spied on American citizens, including Jane Fonda, at the request of the National Security Agency.

Shrugging off those Reagan-led attacks on First Amendment rights would be a mammoth mistake. As the late Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black explained, “The weakening of Constitutional safeguards in order to suppress one obnoxious group is a technique too easily available for the suppression of other obnoxious groups to expect its abandonment when the next generally hated group appears.”

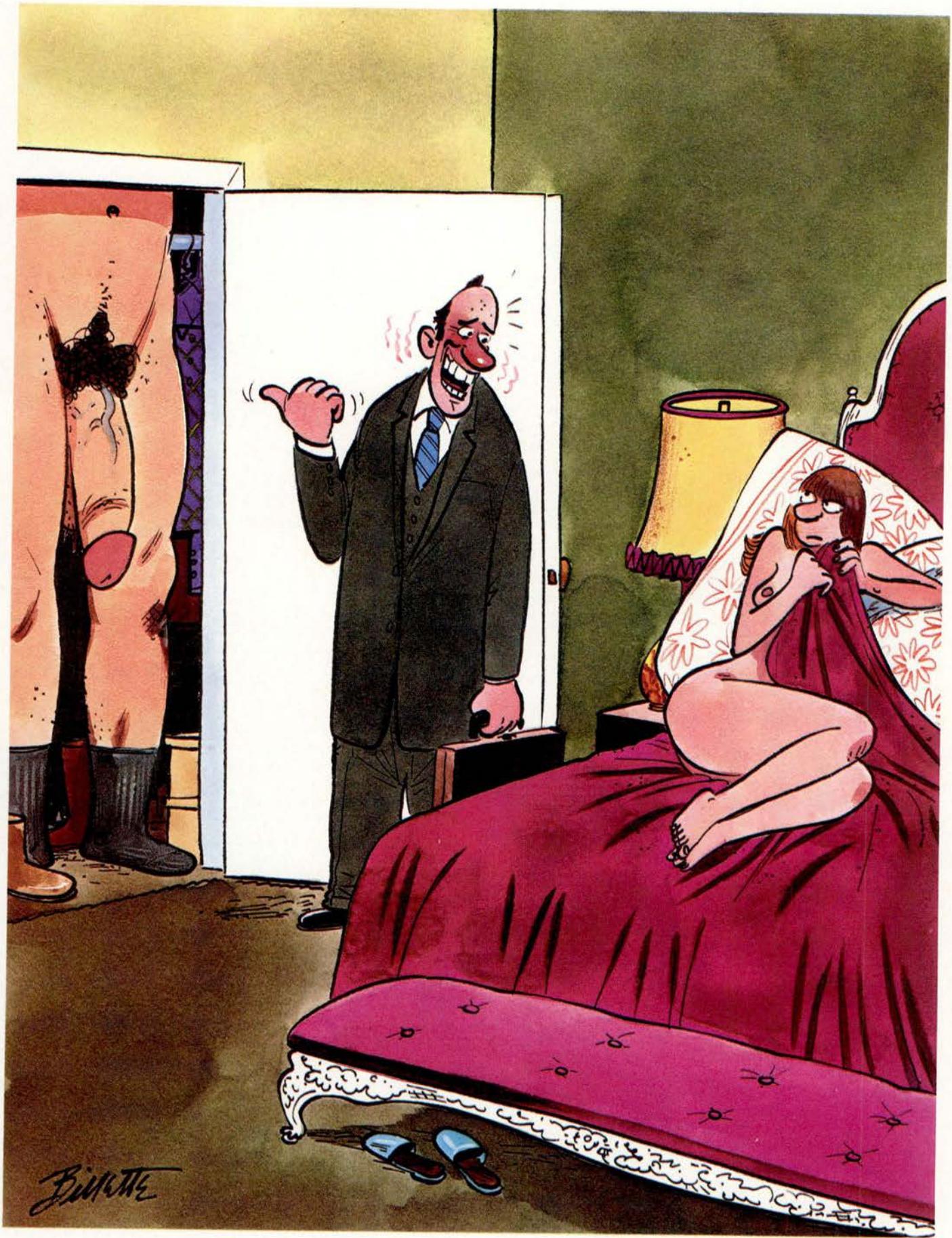
While today's censors often focus their complaints on “dirty words”—as did the Washington woman who toiled over *Catcher in the Rye*—there is something much more sinister at work here. “Sexual references of language are easy targets,” says the American Library Association's Robert Doyle. “But I think they mask greater concerns about social or political issues.”

Paul Weyrich, the man behind the formation of the Moral Majority, is candid about his political and social con-

(continued on page 132)



*“It would be a lot easier to believe you respect me, Nigel, if you weren't always wiping boogers on me!”*



"Well—ha, ha. Nobody in there!"

# CATHERINE

WOMAN of ELEGANCE



Photography by Matti Klatt



**M**ost only is Catherine the height of elegant beauty, she has a stimulating mind that can hold any man's attention. "A lot of people think that you can't have brains and still be good-looking," says 20-year-old Catherine. "But I see no contradiction between the two. Being sexy is really a state of mind anyway." And Catherine, who is a full-time college student majoring in literature, doesn't have any trouble in either area. "Some of the sexiest and most erotic things are found in great literature and art," she says. "That's why I like to surround myself with the finer things in life. When you're around beauty all the time, you can't help but feel beautiful—and sensual.

For me, the mind is the greatest aphrodisiac . . ."

Then she smiles and says slyly, "Of course, a great body doesn't hurt either."











HUSTLER'S HONEY· MAY 1983

I'm ready when you are  
Catherine





LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

# LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CLUB

BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES  
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE



NEW YORK, NY SAN FRANCISCO, CA NEW ORLEANS, LA BALTIMORE, MD

DETROIT, MI (NEW) SAN DIEGO, CA ST. LOUIS, MO SHREVEPORT, LA

REDLANDS, CA PARIS, FRANCE MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA CROYDON, UK

(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV

[WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM](http://WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM)

**T**he Pope was kidnapped by some Italian terrorists who told him that to be released, he had to be photographed screwing a hooker.

With this hanging over the pontiff's head, they figured he would stop the Church's campaign against terrorism.

Not terribly displeased with the deal, the Pope said, "I'll do it, but only on three conditions: One, the lady's gotta be blindfolded so she can't see who I am. Two, she's gotta wear earplugs so she can't hear me. And three, she's gotta have big tits."

Word has leaked out from the sports media that New York Yankees owner George Steinbrenner has just signed a contract with Linda Lovelace to manage the team this year. When asked why, Steinbrenner replied, "Well, Linda might blow a few, but she won't choke on the big one!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *nymphomaniac's dilemma* as: a guy who has ten inches and the clap.

President Reagan recently promised to do everything in his power to see to it that every family in America, regardless of race, creed or color, would be able to live in a more expensive neighborhood.

What he didn't tell us was, we wouldn't even have to move.

Question: What's invisible and smells like dog food?  
Answer: Old people's farts.

A couple of dudes were standing on a corner bragging and boasting how smart each was. It reached a point where one was trying to outdo the other. Finally, one of them said, "Man, why I'm so smart, I can tell if a girl walking down the street is wearing panties or not!"

"Oh, yeah? Well, prove it!" the other challenged.

Soon, a likely candidate walked by. "She's not wearing any panties," the boaster said, pointing.

The two men walked up to the girl. "We'd like for you to settle an argument for us," the challenger asked her. "Are you wearing panties?"

When the girl said no and walked on, the challenger asked the boaster, "How did you know she wasn't wearing any panties?"

"By the dandruff on her shoes!"

The young nun rushed into the mother superior's office and exclaimed, "We've got a case of syphilis in the convent!"

The mother superior looked up and said, "Thank God! I'm sick of the red wine."

A man jogging on the beach heard someone crying on the other side of a sand dune. He went over the dune and found a naked woman with no arms or legs lying on a blanket. "What's the matter?" he asked.

She said, "I'm crying because I've never been kissed before."

Deciding to help, the guy kissed her, and the woman stopped crying. After she thanked him, he continued to jog down the beach.

Later, a second jogger came along and heard the lady crying. "What's the matter?" he asked her. The woman stated that she was crying because she had never been fucked. So the second jogger picked her up and threw her into the ocean.

"Now you have!" he muttered.

Question: How many feminists would it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Answer: Five. One to hold the bulb, and four to argue the sexual significance of the act.

A woman in court was testifying how the accused man had raped her standing up in a closet. "But," the judge said, "this man is much shorter than you are. How could he have raped you?"

"Well," the girl smiled sheepishly, "I had to stoop a little."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *chatter box* as: a pussy with a vibrator inside.

In between battles three soldiers were bullshitting in a foxhole. "You know," said the first soldier, "I can get 11 beer cans along my cock when it's hard."

"So?" said the second. "I can lay a dozen silver dollars along mine when it's hard."

"Well," said the third soldier, "13 blackbirds can perch on mine when it's hard."

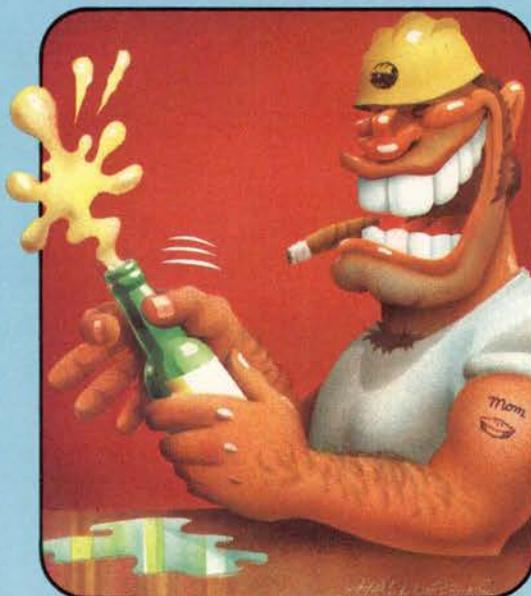
About this time the enemy started firing, and the soldiers started confessing. "To tell the truth," said the first soldier, "I can set only three beer cans on my cock when it's hard."

"Well," confessed the second, "I can get only three silver dollars on mine."

"Okay," said the third. "That 13th blackbird has to stand on one foot."

*HUSTLER Humor* jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—but we cannot return submissions.

## HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think  
that's funny...

# CHESTER THE MOLESTER



DARINE TINSEY?



G



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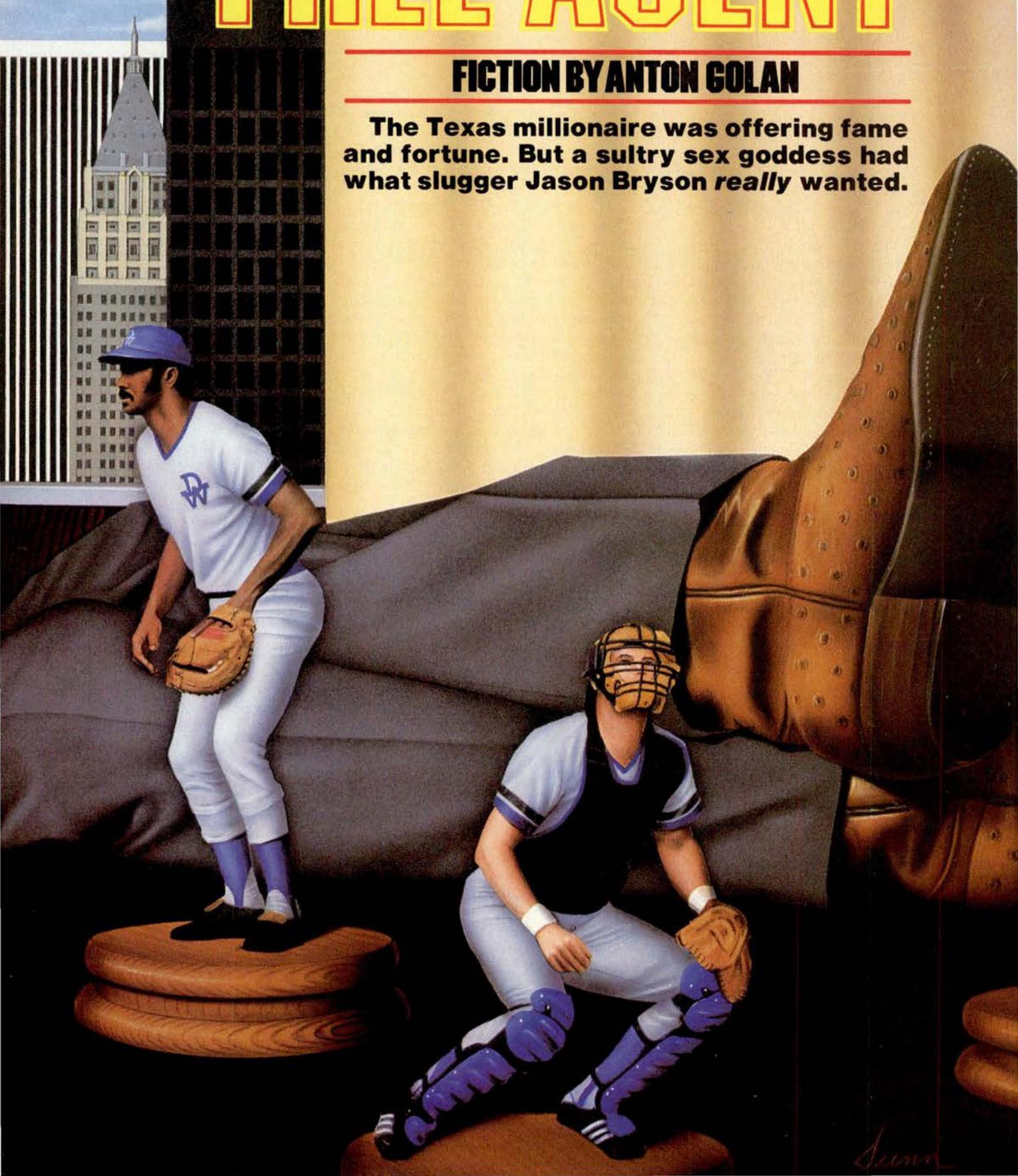
# FREE AGENT

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FICTION BY ANTON GOLAN

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**The Texas millionaire was offering fame and fortune. But a sultry sex goddess had what slugger Jason Bryson really wanted.**



**W**hen I finally got the chance to get out of Chicago, I couldn't get out fast enough. I remember sitting there in Richie Pollard's office—Richie's my agent—when we decided to take the free-agent route. Inside the office were photos of me in my Chicago Cubs uniform, photos of me with bigwigs of advertising agencies, photos of me with the team, and piles of Richie's assorted papers. Outside, the wind howled off Lake Michigan, and the air smelled like the stockyards again. I'd be glad to leave.

Richie stubbed out a cigarette and smiled at me. "Jason," he told me, "you have the world by the tits. You're gonna be one rich young man."

"I love it when you talk like that."

"What's not to love?" Richie asked. "Last year you hit .315, you had 25 home runs and 102 runs batted in. Two years ago you were the National League's MVP. All that, and you hit from both sides of the plate."

"There isn't an owner in baseball who wouldn't give his left nut to get you," Richie went on. "You're only 24; so nobody's gonna worry about giving you a long-term contract. I don't anticipate the kind of problem that screwed Garvey in Los Angeles. I think I'll open the bidding at a million a year for five years."

That gave me some pause, which is perfectly okay since Richie does most of my talking anyway. That's why he's my agent. Still, 5 million bucks is a lot of money in any man's language.

"You can really get me that?" I asked.

Richie laughed. "Jason, I could get you your own space shuttle. All you gotta do is keep playing the way you've been playing."

"Just one thing," I said. "Get me out of Chicago. The Cubbies have been tail-end charlies since before I was born. I don't wanna wind up like Ernie Banks, playing my heart out and finishing last every year. I wanna play in the Series, Richie. Get me on a contender—please."

"It's as good as done," Richie said.

One thing I'll say for Richie, he looks after my business. When the free-agent draft rolled around, just about every team in the big leagues had me on its list. I spent the next few weeks going from town to town, talking with the owners and managers and getting my picture in the newspapers. It was a good old American publicity circus, with Richie as the ringmaster. In New York, I had dinner at Mike Manuche's with George Steinbrenner. In Anaheim, I put on a cowboy hat and had my picture taken with Gene Autry. In Atlanta, Ted Turner told me he'd make me the big-

gest thing to hit town since General Sherman. It was enough to turn a country boy's head. Fortunately, I'd always kept my feet planted firmly on the ground.

Until I hit Dallas.

When I checked into the Hyatt Regency, I was already looking forward to meeting with Snuff Martin, the owner of the Dallas Wranglers. When Martin took over the Wranglers four years ago, they were a lowly expansion team staffed with has-beens and never-will-be's. Martin hired himself a smart general manager and a good field manager, and he listened to their advice. That was all it took to turn the Wranglers into a contender, except for Martin's checkbook, of course. The sportswriters figure he's spent close to 30 million bucks buying the players. I leave that kind of thinking to Richie. He's better at it than I am.

The next morning, the biggest stretch Cadillac limo I'd ever seen picked up Richie and me at the Hyatt and drove us over to the team's offices in downtown Dallas. The limousine's horn played "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You," which Richie thought was a nice touch, even though I thought that was overdoing things a trifle.

A flunky ushered us into Martin's private office, which was the kind of place where an oil sheikh would have felt right at home. It was on the top floor of the tallest skyscraper in town. You could look out a window the size of a drive-in movie screen and see the whole city and the prairie beyond it. Every stick of furniture was antique, and the cheapest chair must have cost about as much as an acre of California beachfront property. You could have landed a 747 on the desk.

When we walked in, Martin rose from his chair to greet us. I'd seen his picture in the papers before (who hasn't?), but this was my first close-up look at the man they call the "king of the wildcatters." He was somewhere in his 50s, with gray hair, and big—about 6-4. He wore a pinstriped suit, the kind you'd expect to see on a banker, except he wore a pair of weird-looking cowboy boots with it. I found out later they were made of ostrichskin.

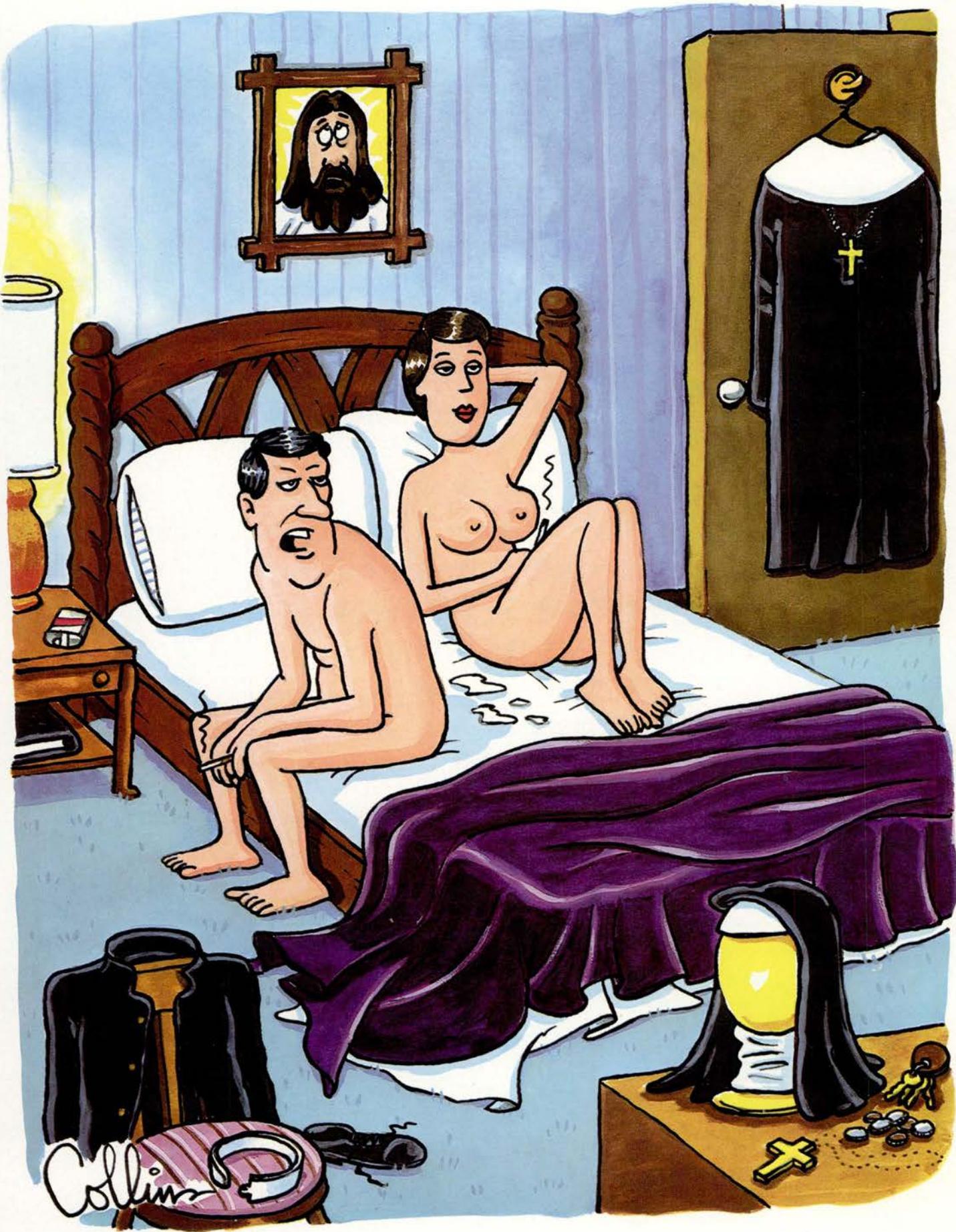
"Howdy, Mr. Bryson, Mr. Pollard," Martin said, sticking out a big hand. "And welcome to Dallas." We had a couple of minutes of small talk about the weather, the economy and the price of oil. And then we got down to business—which Martin pronounced "bidniss."

"Gentlemen, I don't like to beat around the bush," he said. "I know a lot of people are bidding for your services,

(continued on page 86)



"No kidding, Doc?! My herpes test was positive?!"



"You were thinking of Him again, weren't you?"



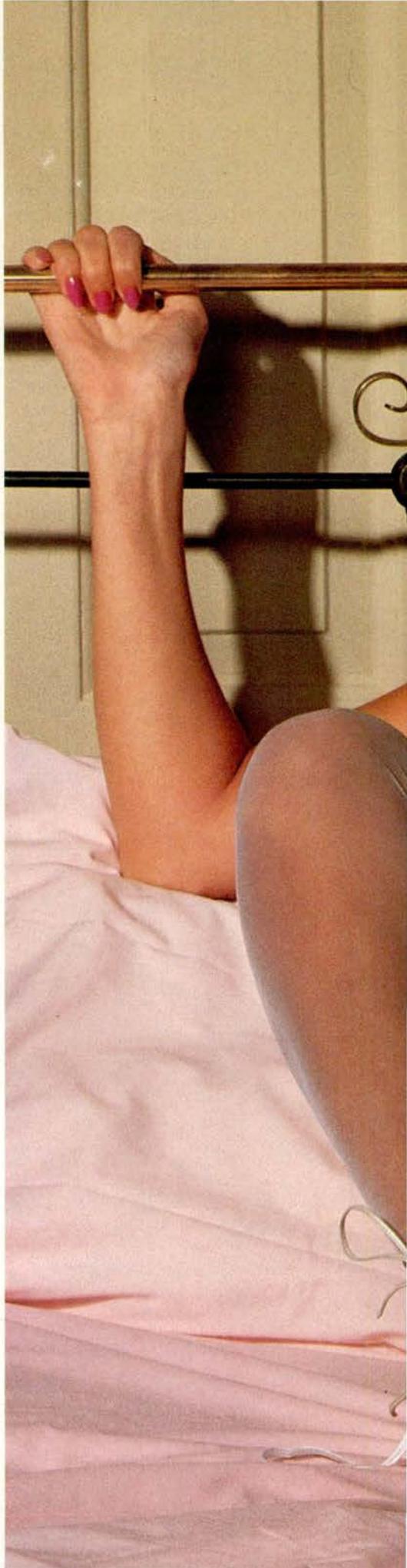


Photography by James Baes



**W**inning HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest was really a dream-come-true for 22-year-old Cecilia of Pasadena, Texas. "Ever since I was a little girl, I dreamed of being a glamorous model," she says. "But I never really thought it would happen. Heck, I'd never even been out of Texas before, and now I'll be seen by people all over the world." Has Cecilia's life changed much since she first appeared in our October '82 Beaver Hunt? "Well, I finally had my fantasy of making it with two guys fulfilled," she laughs. "I could have the whole town now. But I'm still basically an old-fashioned country girl. I like my men long, tall and hard-ridin', and I like 'em Texas-style: bareback and one after another...."











## FREE AGENT

(continued from page 76)

and I know that some of 'em are just as rich as I am." I looked over at Richie and saw dollar signs in his eyes.

"I figure that the actual salary you gentlemen agree to is gonna be secondary," Martin went on. "That is, I know it's gonna be high. And I also know that I can afford it."

Richie looked like Sylvester the Cat staring at Tweety Bird. I didn't half mind hearing such talk myself.

"No," said Martin, "I think what'll finally influence your decision, Jason, is what I call the intangibles. How much you like the city itself. How much you like the owner. The kinds of endorsements you can get, the opportunities you'll have to set yourself up in business." Here his eyes got very narrow.

"I've worked real hard to build the Wranglers into a pennant contender. My general manager tells me that a first baseman of your caliber could put us over the top. I want you gentlemen to know that I'm prepared to do anything to convince you to play here in Dallas. And I mean *anything*. I want you gentlemen to think very seriously about what I just said. I don't think it's an offer you'll hear from any other owner."

We spent the rest of the day touring

the Wranglers' offices and having dinner at a downtown Dallas club with Snuff Martin and a half-dozen other Texas oil millionaires. On the way back to the hotel I asked Richie what he thought about Martin.

"He's got a lot of money and a lot of determination," Richie answered. "His associates in the oil business say he's a tough negotiator and a bad man to cross. I think he'll offer you the moon, but so will a lot of other owners."

"Don't forget that this is Dallas, not New York or L.A. You won't be in the spotlight the way you would with the Yankees or Dodgers. You won't get a shot at nearly as many TV commercials. Nobody's gonna name a candy bar after you in this town. Snuff Martin knows that, and he knows we know it too. It'll be very interesting to see what kind of deal he comes up with."

We arrived at the hotel, and Richie went up to his room to call his wife. I decided to check out the action at the hotel bar. The place was dark and crowded. I stepped up to the bartender and was about to order a bourbon when I saw something that stopped me dead in my tracks.

I'm not a good man with words—that's Richie's department—so I'll just say that she was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. Period. I'll also mention

that she had a blouseful of the kind of titties a fellow could snuggle up next to and stay warm all winter long.

I walked over to where she was sitting at the bar and tried to think of something smooth to say. "Hello" was the best I could come up with.

"Hello yourself," she said.

"I'd like to buy you a drink," I said. "Actually, I'd like to buy you a castle in France, but they don't sell 'em here."

She laughed. "A brandy will do," she said. "My name's Jodee, with two e's."

"So I see," I said, trying hard not to stare at her chest and not doing very well at it. "Mine's Jason Bryson."

I waited for the reaction. It's funny what happens when people find out you're a famous ballplayer. Most folks don't recognize us on the street 'cause we're not wearing our uniforms. Being a jock isn't quite like being Robert Redford or Mick Jagger. But when people find out who you are, they sometimes fall all over themselves and start asking questions about some play you made five years ago that you've completely forgotten about.

Jodee's reaction was—nothing. "I guess you're from out of town, Jason," she said. "You sure don't talk with a Texas twang."

"No, I live in Winnetka, Illinois, right outside of Chicago," I said. "I'm here on business."

"What kind of business?" she asked, smiling. Her smile lit up the bar like a fireplace. It made me feel warm and cozy and a few other things too.

"I'm a ballplayer," I said, "and I'm here with my agent to negotiate with the Dallas Wranglers."

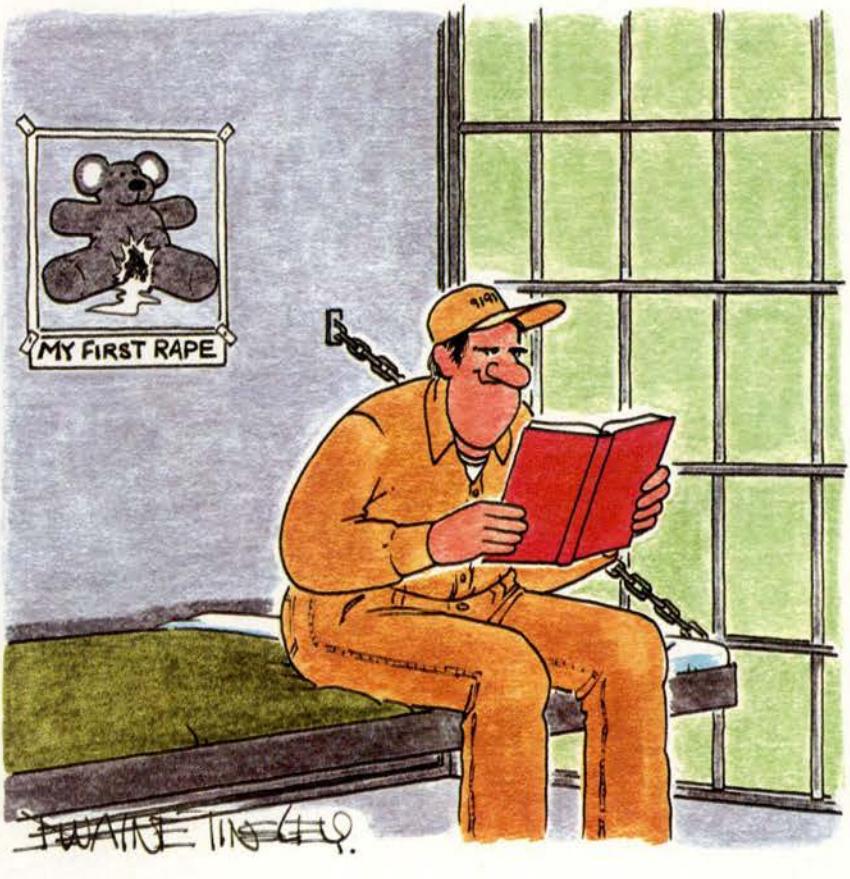
"That's *neat*," she said enthusiastically. "I'm afraid I don't know diddly about baseball myself, but I have four brothers, and they've all played it. The littlest one still does. He's 17, and he's on his high-school team. Tell me, Jason, are you famous?"

*Here comes your big chance to be modest*, I told myself. *Don't fuck it up.* "Sort of," I said. "I was Most Valuable Player in the National League year before last. That got my face on a few billboards, selling after-shave lotion."

"That's *wonderful*," Jodee said, and the way she said it felt wonderful. "Randy Lee—that's my youngest brother—will be so excited! Come to think of it, I'm a little excited myself."

So was I. They tell a lot of stories about ballplayers meeting women on the road, and the stories they *don't* tell are even better than the ones they do. Some of the guys even classify women into two groups: table pussy—the kind of girls you'd take out to dinner and let friends

(continued on page 96)





"Lawdy, Lou-Ellen—you sho' you washed yo' funky butt befo' leavin' de house?!"



Photography by Clive McLean

A color photograph of a woman dressed as a maid, leaning over a dark wood tea service. She wears a white headband, a white apron over a dark dress, and a white glove on her right hand. Her left hand rests on the marble top of the tea service. The service includes a silver teapot, sugar bowl, and creamer. A vase of pink flowers sits on the service. In the background, a large arrangement of pink flowers is on a shelf, and a window with lace curtains is visible.

# MAID SERVICE





**A**s the maid sets down the tea tray, the woman of the house lets her robe fall, exposing the round, naked body beneath. They embrace, and the maid can feel the flesh of the lady's breasts as they press against her own. A flash of fire races down her loins with the touch. She can hear her mistress's breath quicken as she explores the sweet, moist silk between the woman's thighs, and she feels a strange sense of power over her governess. Soon they fall to the couch, their bodies racked by the force of their passion. Afterward, they lie panting together in the wash of spent desire, knowing, in the realm of primal passion, the distinction between servant and mistress has no meaning.









## HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



© HUSTLER 1978

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name

Name to Be Published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

## FREE AGENT

(continued from page 86)

see on your arm—and the rest.

But Jodee was different. She didn't have that on - your - knees - when - you speak - to - the - Queen - of - France attitude that a lot of beautiful girls seem to have. (I know what I'm talking about, because a lot of jocks have it too.) She was as natural and unaffected as anybody I'd ever met—just plain folks. We sat and sipped our drinks, and she told me all about her home, her family, and what it was like to grow up in Texas.

Ballplayers don't get to hear much talk like that. Seems like we spend half our lives in hotel rooms and airports, and it's not a very stable way to live. It broke up my marriage, back when I was too young and dumb to handle the whole routine, and I guess I'd never really gotten over feeling sorry about it. Somehow, talking to Jodee made that bar in the Hyatt Regency in Dallas feel a little like home.

I suggested dinner, and she accepted. We had thick steaks washed down with red wine. Soon enough, the clock crept past 10:30, and we were finished with after-dinner drinks and small talk. It was time for me to make my move.

With a lot of women I meet, you don't have to suggest anything. They're impressed that I'm a celebrity, and it's understood that an evening out is going to end up in bed.

I knew for certain that Jodee wasn't one of those. She hadn't even known who I was, and if she was gonna go to bed with me, it'd be because she liked me, not because she'd seen me on TV or read about me in *Sports Illustrated*. And that made me feel real insecure. When you're a famous jock (or a famous anything, I guess), you're never sure who likes you for their own reasons. Finally, you just learn to live with it.

"Jodee," I said, "would you be offended if I, uh, asked you up to my room for a nightcap?"

She turned on that 500-watt smile. "No, I wouldn't, Jason. I'd love to."

When we got to my room, I called room service and ordered a bottle of the Hyatt's best champagne. With most girls, there's an awkward 20 minutes of small talk that comes right after you order. I mean, you can't get down to much of anything while you're waiting for the room-service waiter to come knocking. But not with Jodee. She just kicked off her shoes and kept on talking and joking.

Eventually, the champagne arrived. The waiter uncorked the bottle, and I tipped him a 20 to speed him on his way. Then I poured two glasses full, handed

one to Jodee, and raised my glass to her. For once, I'd thought of something to say. "To the most beautiful girl in the Lone Star State," I toasted, "and—who knows?—maybe the universe."

She giggled. "Jason Bryson, you are a silver-tongued devil," she said. Then she leaned forward and gave me a kiss. It wasn't your basic quick peck, and it wasn't one of those groping kisses where you're afraid you're gonna get swallowed headfirst. It was just right.

I took her in my arms. She was a perfect fit. I started to caress her, running my hands around her body and over her incredible breasts. I was getting hot, and she was making little noises that let me know she was getting hot too.

"Jodee, I want you," I said into her ear. "I want you bad."

"Jason, I want you too," she breathed.

We didn't waste any time at all getting out of our clothes. Jodee naked was twice as beautiful as Jodee with clothes on. Her skin was tanned and buttery soft. Her legs were long and smooth. Her tits made Raquel Welch look boyish, and they had big, pink areolas and full nipples, just the way I like 'em.

We moved to the bed, and Jodee lay down. "Spread your legs," I said. She opened them wide, exposing a blond cunt that was as lightly furred as a little girl's. I went down on her, running my tongue around her labia and licking at her open slit like a lollipop. She started to moan and heave her hips with controlled intensity.

I moved on to her clit, which was set between her lower lips like a pink pearl in a pink oyster. I took it gently between my teeth, popping it in and out of its hood and sucking on it greedily. She really went crazy over that. She gasped and held my head and told me, "Oh, baby, it's so good, so-o-o-o fine!"

Her body began to tense up as I worked on that pretty little cunt. I could feel her moment approaching. I sucked harder and faster. Suddenly, she began to buck so hard, I had a tough time holding on. But I was determined. "Oh, yes, yes!" she muttered. She kept on coming, and I kept on sucking. By now my mouth was frothing with her juices.

It seemed like it took five minutes for her to calm down. I left her twitching cunt and moved up her body, pausing to kiss and suck on each magnificent tit. It took me a long time to get to her mouth.

"I want you to know how good you taste," I said.

"Mmmmm," she sighed, wrapping her manicured fingers around my prick. It felt stiffer than it had ever been before. "Now let's see how good you taste," she said playfully. She slid down my body,

(continued on page 102)

# Beaver Hunt

If your thoughts are always focused on your favorite Beaver, your camera should be too. Why not show her how much you're thinking of her by snapping a clear, color photograph and sending it to us? If we print it, we'll send your Beaver \$50. Plus there's always the chance she'll have the same good fortune as this month's *Beaver Hunt* winner, Cecilia (see page 78). Like her, your Beaver can be chosen for an extended photo-feature at the same

rate paid to professional models. All photographs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release on page 96, or a reasonable facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$50.

Photo by Lantz



Wendy, 19, says her sexual fantasy is to "be slowly made love to and then eaten out until I can't stand it anymore. Then screwed silly." This model from Brookville, Ohio, also likes singing.

Photo by Husband



Honolulu, Hawaii, is Nanette Ward's hometown. This 19-year-old housewife enjoys skating and camping. Her fantasy, to pose nude for HUSTLER, is now fulfilled.

Photo by Husband

Dinky, 29, is a housewife and horse trainer from Monticello, Georgia, who enjoys horseback riding, rodeos, dancing and swinging. She fantasizes about being "a hostess to a big orgy on our farm."



A cat breeder from Albertville, Alabama, 26-year-old Linda likes sex, dancing, music, reading and her cats. Her sexual fantasy is "to make it with six of my favorite singers and actors, and just do everything with them."

Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband



Forty-year-old Elena's hobbies are music, camping and horseback riding. She hails from Rohnert Park, California, and makes her living in retail sales. Elena's fantasy is to "make love intensely" deep in the forest, by a small lake, on a hot summer day.

Photo by Friend



Making love in the snow under  
the shining moon and stars  
would satisfy Angel's fantasy.  
This 26-year-old West Coast  
housewife enjoys movies,  
dancing and eating.

Photo by Rick Vila



Thirty-four-year-old Sue Howard fantasizes about "making it with two studs all night" because "I love to be watched while I'm being fucked." This housewife and model from Jacksonville, Florida, is into camping, swimming and "romping in the sack."



Photo by Jack Howard

Thirty-two-year-old "Cat," a teacher from Elgin, Illinois, says she'd like to "make it with the Chicago Bears on the 50-yard line." Her hobby is dancing.

Photo by "Loner"

Lakewood, California's Marie, 28, works in an animal shelter and likes "acting strange." She dreams of making love with her husband in a Rolls-Royce while drinking champagne and driving through Akron, Ohio.



Candy is a salesclerk from Odessa, Texas, who dreams of making love to Burt Reynolds. In her spare time this 26-year-old rides horses and plays pool.

Photo by Larry Wolfe

Photo by Husband



Skiing, reading and traveling are 22-year-old Donna's hobbies. A mental-health technician from Biloxi, Mississippi, Donna says of her sexual fantasies: "Whenever I have one, I fulfill it."



Photo by Lee Mitchell



Twenty-year-old Sharon is a waitress and cashier who enjoys music, motorcycling and skiing. She makes her home in Massillon, Ohio, and her dream is to make love in the snow with her boyfriend.

Photo by Jay Setlow



Karen Setlow's favorite sexual fantasy is "to take on three guys at one time!" A housewife from East Brunswick, New Jersey, this 22-year-old enjoys Frisbee, archery, and sex in the outdoors.

Winter Springs, Florida, is home for Lee, a 25-year-old student who likes swimming, sex, bike riding and posing nude. She fantasizes about being a HUSTLER centerfold and having her husband watch the shooting.



Photo by Husband



"There is nothing wrong with feeling good, but feeling too good can be a crime, that is, if you take your pleasure from prescribed or unprescribed substances."

# A NATURAL LIFT!

REPRINT

## Energy • Stamina • Feeling of well being

### A Report on L-2000™ – The Safe Alternative.

□ There is nothing wrong with feeling good, but feeling too good can be a crime, that is, if you take your pleasure from prescribed substances.

But what if I told you that you could purchase a pill – without prescription – that increased mental alertness and decreased hunger and fatigue? What if I mentioned further that the substance in the pill is 100 percent organic? You would probably be as skeptical as I was when I recently learned of L-2000™.

Lapsang, a variety of the shrub *thea sinensis*, grows wild in Assan as a tree of considerable size with leaves somewhat larger than those of the shrubby form cultivated in China. In China, *thea sinensis* (L-2000™) has been grown for 4,000 years or more. The shrub was introduced into Japan during the 13th Century, then into India, Ceylon and other parts of the East Indies toward the mid-19th Century.

L-2000™ is prepared by cutting, drying and rolling the leaves of stems of the mature plant. The ancient Chinese aristocracy promised a feeling of:

1. Increased mental clarity
2. Alertness and brighter spirits
3. More aware and discriminating sensations
4. Loss of appetite
5. A surge of sustained energy



In a symposium on the pharmacology and the physiological and psychological effects of L-2000™ (*thea sinensis*), Dr. Phillips Frohman, Ph.D., M.D., stated, "The ability of *thea sinensis* (L-2000™) to make life just a little more pleasant is unquestionable." It has been said that L-2000™ "induces a state of consciousness midway between gently excitement and easy repose" ... "The old and the young, the sick and the well are capable of enjoying this soothing lift." Wow!

Apparently, L-2000™'s wondrous powers cure certain types of headaches, neuralgia, menstrual distress and bowel complications. But the claims pale in comparison to its elevating effects. Despite the natural suspicion that nothing as promising as L-2000™ can be either available or harmless, M. Grieve – author of "A Modern Herbal", a classic reference source – confirms L-2000™'s potency: "It is a gentle excitant and serviceable where the brain is irritated or depressed by mental exertion, or where there is fatigue or exhaustion."

L-2000™ has long been sold worldwide in many various forms. Recently, the tablet was introduced here in the United States and suddenly L-2000™ took off. The Food and Drug Administration has adopted a wait-and-see attitude.

But how do everyday people react to this natural, miracle lift? Douglas B., a Hollywood television director, states, "I love L-2000™. I first used Lapsang as a diet to quickly lose 10 pounds but I soon discovered its (L-2000™'s) ability to give me unbelievable amount of

energy during long shooting days. Now I keep L-2000™ with me all the time."

Daniel S., an award-winning art director, says of L-2000™, "This stuff gives me a lift! I mean really... it makes me feel great! How can I put it in any other words – my creativity level is always higher after I use L-2000™." Phil L., a truck driver from Houston, Tex., relates, "All you get on the road is tired and fat. Now, I can drive longer and I don't get jittery or nervous, or get that heavy crash that you get from certain pills and other kinds of speed." Sheila G., actress and model, New York, N.Y., "Being a model, I have to constantly watch my weight. A couple of pounds over and I'm out of business. With L-2000™, I can eat less and work longer – really feeling up! Not only makes me feel good, it makes me look great." Bonnie C., secretary, Chicago, Ill., says, "We all have had bad days at the office; my answer to those days is L-2000™." Laura P., a waitress in Boston Mass., explains, "Working in a restaurant you tend to nibble all the time. One of my regular customers turned me on to L-2000™ when I was complaining about gaining weight... well, I'm not gaining weight anymore, because I don't feel like nibbling."

Of course, L-2000™, with all its newfound endorsement and controversy, is bound to meet the usual resistance from the major pharmaceutical companies. But, the Food and Drug Administration, which regulates and classifies such substances, will be hard-pressed to halt the importation of this miracle leaf, L-2000™. Remember L-2000™ has been utilized and its benefits have been confirmed for over 4,000 years. That, in itself, is amazing.



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## FREE AGENT

(continued from page 96)

biting my nipples and raking my belly and legs with her fingernails. Finally, she arrived at her destination. Kneading my balls, she took my cock in her mouth and went to work. Jodee gobbled it greedily, working it in and out of her cherry-red lips. I'd had some crazy idea of holding off as long as I could, but I gave it up. Why fight a good thing?

Like they say in California, I decided to go with the flow. And with Jodee literally milking my prick for all it was worth, the flow wasn't long in coming. My cum boiled up from somewhere deep inside and spewed out, filling her lovely mouth to overflowing. When she looked up at me and smiled, I'll tell you, I was charmed.

\* \* \*

The next couple of days were about the best time I'd ever had. Jodee and I trailed around Dallas together, going fishing and playing golf and eating barbecue and doing lots of other stuff I like to do, including quite a bit of fucking that was at least as good as the stuff you see in X-rated movies, if I do say so myself. It was a helluva lot nicer than hanging out with Snuff Martin and his crowd of tycoons and politicians. I left that pleasure to Richie. *What the hell*, I thought. *Let him earn his 10%*.

All too soon it was time to move on. I still had to swing by San Diego, San Francisco and Seattle so that Richie and I could see what kind of money those teams were gonna wave at us. Jodee drove us to the airport and looked semi-tearful when I kissed her goodbye.

"Honey, I hate to leave," I said, "but what goes on in the next few months will affect my whole life. A ballplayer can't expect to play much past 35 or so. There's a lot of life left after that. If I make the right deal for myself, I'll be able to live halfway decently after I retire. If I make the wrong one, I'll wind up selling used cars."

"I can understand that," she said. "One day you wake up, and you find you're not as strong or as fast. Or as beautiful." She smiled softly.

"You'll never have to worry about that," I told her.

\* \* \*

During the next few months, I was as busy as a hive of bees, and Richie was even busier than that. If you remember back to when Reggie Jackson, Steve Garvey and Dave Winfield were negotiating their own free-agent deals, you know that the process is only a little less complicated than sitting down with the Russians and hammering out a nuclear-disarmament treaty. Both sides hire

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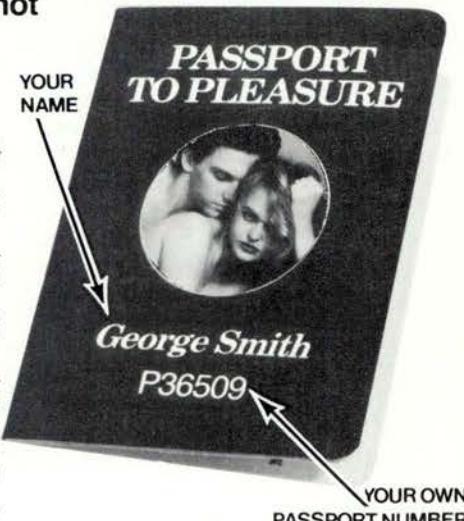
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whole offices full of accountants and lawyers, and everybody sits around and weighs the offers and counteroffers.

I don't mean to say that I spent every minute of that time with my (are you ready for this?) "management team." When I wasn't listening to three-piece suits arguing over what I was or wasn't worth, I got away from everything and kicked back. I flew to New York to shoot two after-shave commercials, but aside from that, my time was my own.

Of course, I made a few visits to Dallas to see Jodee. Each trip was better than the one before. We were really getting closer than I'd ever expected to get with anybody after my divorce.

Jodee was the most regular girl I'd ever spent time with. She was funny, she was casual, and she seemed to enjoy all the same things I did. She fit into my life perfectly.

While I was enjoying myself with Jodee, I was also talking to Richie on the phone every day. He'd narrowed the offers down to the Angels, the Yankees, the Braves and the Wranglers. The rest of the teams had sorta fallen by the wayside, but those four clubs' owners—Gene Autry, George Steinbrenner, Ted Turner and Snuff Martin—had a lot of cash and didn't mind spending it.

I'd heard from various people that

Steinbrenner is a tough man to work for. Autry is supposed to be a swell old guy, but the Angels play in the American League, which has a lot of big, mean relief pitchers, and I thought I'd just as soon stay in the National. That left Ted Turner's Atlanta Braves—and Dallas. If you think I was inclined toward Dallas, you're dead right. I even talked it over once or twice with Jodee. By then we were at the stage where we were having some pretty serious conversations about things like careers and marriage and children.

Then one day I decided to fly out to L.A. to visit Marty Springer. Marty is one of the best second basemen in the big leagues. He'd been my teammate on the Cubs before he signed as a free agent with the Dodgers and started collecting playoff checks and World Series rings. But we stayed friends and hung out together whenever our teams played each other. And even though we were on different ballclubs, we still called each other "Rooms," jock slang for roommate. Things like that stay with you.

I remember it was a Wednesday. We'd spent the day sailing Marty's sloop out of Marina Del Rey, and then we headed off to Sunset Boulevard to wrap ourselves around a few cold drinks. We were sitting at Carlos 'n' Charlie's, a

flashy Hollywood nightspot, sipping on something made of pineapple juice and vodka, when I felt the whole crowd at the bar turn toward the front door.

In walked Jodee. She was on the arm of a guy who was as big as two refrigerators.

Marty saw my jaw hit the ground. "She's something, ain't she?" he said. "Her name's Marybeth Lane. She's a part-time actress, and the word is that she's also a part-time hooker. Haven't seen her around for a couple of months. Figured she was out of town, shooting a picture—or something."

"That's Jodee Wagner," I said. It was tough getting the words out. My mouth had gone dry as old cotton.

"Who?" Marty asked.

"The girl from Dallas. The one I told you about."

"Oh, jeez," said Marty, his lips pursing tightly. He looked down at his drink, over at the girl, then at me. "Rooms, I'm sorry. I'd give a lot to be wrong about this one. You know I'd call it in your favor if I had any doubt. But I don't. Every guy in this bar knows her. She gives the best blowjobs in town. Expensive as hell, sure. But she's a hooker, Rooms."

I knew he meant it. Marty's too good a friend not to level with me. I thought back to the day Richie and I had first met Snuff Martin in Dallas, when he'd said, "I'm prepared to do anything to convince you to play here in Dallas. And I mean *anything*." I felt like something had crawled into my stomach and died.

I walked over to where Jodee/Marybeth and her date had taken a table. Her eyes got big. For just a second she flashed me a look I'd as soon not see on anybody ever again.

"Welcome to L.A., Marybeth," I said. "So you know," she said.

"I know. Seems like you're a famous little girl in this saloon."

"Look, Jason," she began, "we can talk this over tomorrow."

"Dammit, you're not gonna bullshit me anymore," I said. "Just tell me how much Snuff Martin paid you to see that I signed with the Wranglers."

"A hundred thousand dollars," she said. "Remember, you once told me that a professional athlete has to cut himself the best deal he can before his body goes to pot? Well, it's the same with me. Eight, ten more years and I'll have crow's feet. My tits will start to sag. Who'll want me then? We both have to look after ourselves before then, Jason. We're a lot alike, you and I."

I wanted to puke. "Like hell we are," I said.

The caveman who'd walked in with her got up from the table. "You'd better



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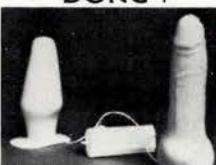
*Dawn goes down like thunder!* She's a real doll, a genuine pleasure slave. Her tits and snatch are filled with warm and juicy liquid and they're all yours! #334, \$49.95

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## LOTION



*Magic Potion for Instant Firmness* for men. Helps firm it up and keep it up while you make her moan and groan with pleasure. She'll want more. You'll be ready! #208, \$4.95

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# Take it from here!

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*Deep stroke 7 1/2"* piston power vibrator has ribbed necks to really turn her on. Goes in and out, or vibrates, or both—it's really got rhythm! #271, \$19.95

## BOOK



*Acts of Love*, 256 pages filled with photos. Shows three fresh young couples explore each other in every way, helped by the latest modern equipment! #377, \$9.95

## VIBRATOR



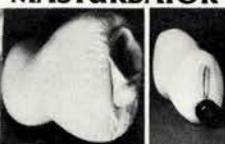
Fleshy pink, feels like the real thing, bends to any angle she wants. Just the right 8" length and width to be utterly mad-making at the flick of a switch! #311, \$12.95

## SPECIAL



*Butter her up* with Joni's Butterfly vibrator. Gives vaginal and clitoral stimulation at her command or yours. Gets her off and gets her ready! #646, \$14.95

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*Stick it in here or there!* For sensational results, use this variable-speed electric vagina-anus kit, with fleshy foam outer lips for the real feel! Small enough to take on a trip. Use it alone or invite a friend. #378, \$37.95

## KIT



*Maxi-Mystique* is a complete pleasure chest with a sleek slimline vibrator, rectal massager, fully erect penis sleeve, and sexually noduled vibrator sleeve. #321, \$9.95

## PLUG



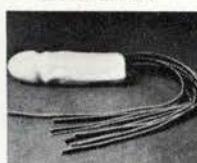
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An incredible variety of positions in this 224 page book filled with explicit sections on foreplay, oral sex and group sex.



watch your mouth around this lady, bud," he threatened.

"I don't see any lady," I said. He moved toward me, and I punched him in the mouth.

It was like punching a Chevrolet. Didn't faze him. He decked me, then picked me up like a kid in his arms, carried me out the front door and booted me into the street. I'd have been humiliated if I weren't concentrating so hard on how much his punch had hurt.

Marty drove me home. I was surprised that I wasn't missing any pieces. I called Richie from his house. "Tell Snuff Martin I'll be paying him a visit in Dallas tomorrow."

Richie was alarmed. "Don't you go making any deals on your own," he said.

"Relax," I said. "This is private, not business." Then I hung up, called the airport and booked myself on the first plane for Dallas the next morning.

The next day, I paid a call on Mr. Snuff Martin. I walked into his office, closed the door and punched a few of his teeth down his throat. He picked himself up off the floor and started swearing that he'd sue the shit out of me and have me banned from baseball for life.

"I don't think so," I said. "Not unless you want the Commissioner of Baseball to know that you paid a hooker a hundred grand to con me into signing with the Wranglers. Maybe you'd be the one to get banned for life, Martin. And I don't think you'd like that. You wouldn't be able to show off your trained monkeys in baseball suits to all your jock-sniffing friends downtown."

He kept on stammering as I picked up his phone and called Richie. When his secretary put me through, I asked, "Rich, what were our final offers from Dallas and Atlanta?"

"A million-two a year, with various loans and deferred payments," he answered. "Both work out to about the same thing. Why?"

"I want you to call Turner in Atlanta," I said. "I want you to tell him I'm his man." I looked hard at Snuff Martin. "Just one thing, Richie," I said. "Tell Ted I'll work for him for a million-one." I hung up the phone and watched Martin turn red as a radish.

It was the best hundred grand I've ever spent—and the quickest. Atlanta's a nice town, and there are enough pretty girls in the bars on Peachtree Street to keep me occupied for a long time. The Braves have a pretty firm lock on first place in our division, and you can bet it's nice to play for a winner after all those years in the cellar with the Cubs. Looks like Dallas is the team we'll meet in the playoffs too.

I can hardly wait.

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I'm a warehouseman, but I got laid off about six months ago. Well, during the time I was unemployed, I put on some weight, and when I managed to get a part-time job unloading trucks I noticed how really out of shape I was. So I decided to join a gym.

I picked a real modern one, with all the latest equipment for toning bodies. Going to a regular gym would've been cheaper, but what made up my mind was that *this* one was coed.

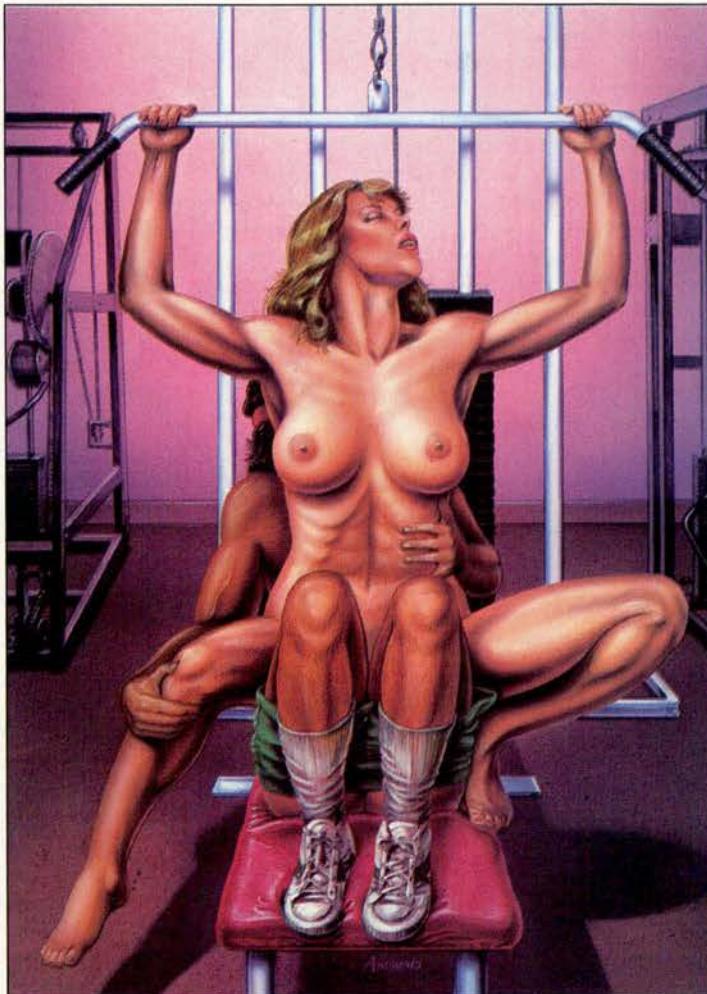
After working up a sweat there for about a week, I saw this true fox. She was sandy-haired and almost as tall as I am (and I'm 6-1). Her tits were bigger than average but really firm—just by looking you could tell that they supported their own weight when she stripped. I looked—a long time—at her long legs and figured she must run a lot as well as work with weights. I could see the outline of the muscles of her calves and thighs from all the way across the gym. And her ass, though lusciously round, didn't have an ounce of fat on it.

She spotted me eyeing her, her deep brown eyes making contact with mine. She smiled, and a lump started to form in my trunks. I wished I was in better shape, but I did what I could and sucked in my gut with a smile. Then she flexed her muscles for me.

I was shocked, to say the least. All over her perfect body, muscles strained and stretched. Unlike the other women in the gym who wore those shiny body stockings, this one wore a tight T-shirt that barely covered her tits and a skimpy pair of cut-off jeans. The sight of all that taut, muscular, tan flesh was—well, *ugly* isn't the word, but *weird* is pretty close.

Women's bodies don't bulk up like men's, but when I saw this brunette flexing and strutting her stuff, the first thing I thought of was the Incredible Hulk. I've always liked my women petite, the kind you could tuck under one arm. This one looked like she could lift me over her head and twirl me like a baton. My first reaction was *yecchhh!*

*Kinky Korner* is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. *HUSTLER* pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



## A HARD WORKOUT

by Jonny M. Duffy

But she was pretty. No, actually, she was gorgeous. And even watching her work out, I saw something womanly about her. Sure, she had more muscles than I did, but there wasn't anything dykish about her at all. I got my hard-on back, and it nearly crept out from under my shorts as I thought about her. I mean, if she took that good care of the muscles that showed, what would those hidden pussy muscles be able to do to a good, hard cock? I'd heard stories in high school about the gymnast girls and how they could flex their cunts around a dick like there was no tomorrow. I liked the idea.

For the next two weeks, I went to the gym three times during the week and

twice on the weekends; it was a grind, but worth it. And I found that my job was getting easier; slogging boxes around wasn't so tiring anymore. And at the gym, every once in a while, I'd see the brown-haired girl working out.

As my gut slipped away, my confidence grew. I went up to the girl one afternoon and introduced myself, and she told me her name was Carly. She was a P.E. teacher over at City College—that figured—and she told me with obvious delight that her classes were coed and that she enjoyed the variety of young guys she got to rub elbows with. And she picked up extra money here at the gym, teaching occasional classes, working the juice bar and so on. I couldn't help staring at her—especially her tits—while I listened. And she didn't seem to mind, even when that familiar lump started growing in my shorts.

About a month went by before I saw her again. Our schedules just didn't match. One evening when she finally showed up, I rushed through my ten minutes of bench-pressing on the Paramount, and as I exhaled and got up, she came over to me.

She suggested I try bench-pressing on the Universal. When I pointed to the line of guys waiting to use it, she said the leverage was better and that I could be pressing more weight in no time at

all. I smiled, thanked her and got in line. When it finally came my turn, I found out she was right. Maybe that, or maybe I'd been getting stronger during the time I'd been working out. Whatever it was, I pressed 30 more pounds than I had just a half-hour before on the Paramount. By the time I finished, the usual canned music had stopped and the gym was empty; so I hit the showers and got dressed. On my way out I saw Carly behind the juice bar.

I asked her what she was doing, and she said just fooling around. She gave me a papaya drink and we talked.

"You've really got your body into shape," she said, flashing me a big smile. I said thanks and told her how inter-

esting I found her body, and—before I could help myself—I told her how great her breasts looked compared to other women I knew. Instead of slapping my face, she said, "Would you like a closer look?" I told her I damn well would, and she pulled her body stocking down to her waist and off her legs so fast, I thought she'd tear it.

She tossed her head to get a lock of hair out of her eyes and stepped out from behind the bar. I glanced up and down at her body. All of her muscles were pulled tight, either from her evening's exercise or the excitement of showing off. She came toward me, and I grabbed her muscular body firmly. I found her mouth and tongue-kissed her. My cock strained against my pants, and I wished I hadn't dressed in my street clothes.

"Let's go into the gym," she said. "No one will see us."

I figured she was right, but I didn't really care. She padded naked into the gym, and I stripped, fast.

I found her lying on the Nautilus and knelt between her legs. She put her feet up in the stirrups to get them out of the way. I brushed aside her cunt hairs with my fingers and closed my lips around her cunt lips, licking the pink crack between them.

Her pussy tasted good and, as corny

as this sounds, *healthy*. There was no acid-bitter or fish taste like some women have, women who aren't conscious of their bodies. I stuck my tongue deep into her cunt. Pussy juice gushed out more and more the deeper I probed. It tasted sweet, and that made me smash my tongue flat against her clit, bobbing my head. She ran her fingers through my hair, pulling my head tightly against her crotch.

She moaned, looking off to her right at our reflections in the mirror-covered wall. This turned her on even more, and she rotated her hips as much as she could on the narrow padded bench. I looked at our reflections, then up at her: Her quivering tits rolled gently from side to side, and her nipples pointed straight up, completely erect. She panted, her eyes closed. I doubled my efforts, and she came, her back arching off the vinyl-covered bench.

I stopped, stood up, and slid my prick into her while she was still shuddering. She tensed her stomach muscles, pulling her ass up off the bench to press into me, and kept that up for a while, tensing and relaxing her stomach muscles to move her hips into mine. I pushed deeper into her pussy, and she wrapped those firm legs around my ass—well, *wrapped* doesn't describe it; it felt like a big vise-grip pulling me toward her. Soon we

developed a funny sort of rhythm, going in-out, up-down like a sexy parody of the guys who used the machine. And as Carly's legs stretched and moved, the muscles in them expanded and contracted; the sweat on them made them shine.

I pulled away and out of her, and Carly looked up with those hot brown eyes, surprised. I pulled her to her feet and turned her against the chrome rig, gripping her ass. Without a word she caught on, and she reached out, put the machine on maximum weight and grabbed the horizontal top bar of the machine. She did a pull-up, just far enough for me to get under her with my legs straddling the bench. She slowly lowered herself down to where I could skewer her with my cock. Then she continued doing pull-ups, working herself up and down on my cock as I lay back in ecstasy.

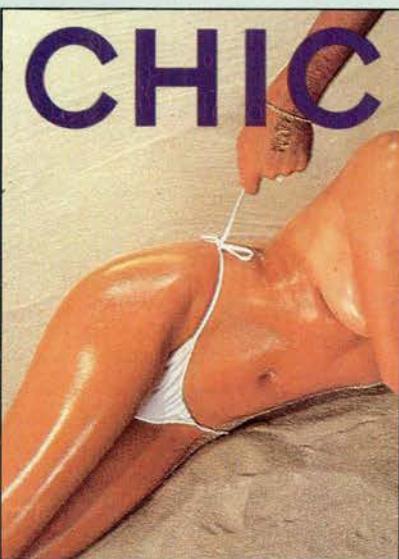
Man, she was strong! I started to hold her tight ass to support her, but she didn't need me to. So I just ran my finger around her asshole, plunging in the fingertip in time with the rhythm of our fucking.

I could feel her inner muscles pull hard on my prick, clutching and grabbing in strong wavelike motions. So it was *true* what they said about female athletes!

Finally, I couldn't stand it any more. I rolled her off onto the carpet and started fucking in high gear. Her fingernails—cut short like most athletes', luckily—dug into my back. She wrapped her legs tightly around my body, crossing her ankles at the base of my spine. It felt so good that I shot off hard into her cunt. As my balls throbbed and pulsed into her, she came too, shoving her hips and pussy hard against me, screaming with pleasure.

As spasms waved through her body, Carly gave me a bear hug, her tightly toned arms hard against my back. Her cunt muscles continued to massage and suck on my softening cock, draining it of the last drop of cum. Finally, she sighed, kissed me, and pushed me backward. Laughing, we lay down on the carpet next to the Nautilus, stroking each other.

Well, since then I've started to supplement my income by working part-time in the gym. I'm not good enough to teach there, but I'll give tours, serve juice at the bar and lock up at night. There's talk of a promotion over at my regular job; so, if they make me foreman, I won't be hefting boxes all day. That'll mean a whole lot less heavy work there, but I'm not worried about staying in shape. Three times a week, when I close up the gym, Carly and I get a very healthy workout.



★ What happens when two gorgeous female scientists bring their horny, modern-day Frankenstein's monster to life? You'll find out in a sizzling CHIC pictorial called BRIDES OF FRANKENSTEIN. Plus, you're invited to join CAROLYN, CHIC's incredible centerfold, as she discovers that warmer weather makes her passions burn in SPRINGTIME TREAT. And in another erotic photo-display, BRIGITTE is KICKING BACK among her white-lace bedsheets, waiting for you to make her satisfaction complete.

★ Have corruption and greed combined to make trade unions more harmful than helpful to the American work force? Steve Govoni's probing article takes a controversial look at how trade unions are actually contributing to the plight of the unemployed.

★ In an exclusive CLOSE-UP, CHIC talks to a man who lived with Charles Manson's murderous "family" prior to the gruesome Tate-LaBianca killings of 1969. In this shocking account he reveals his belief that the Manson Family is still intact—and plotting to kill again.

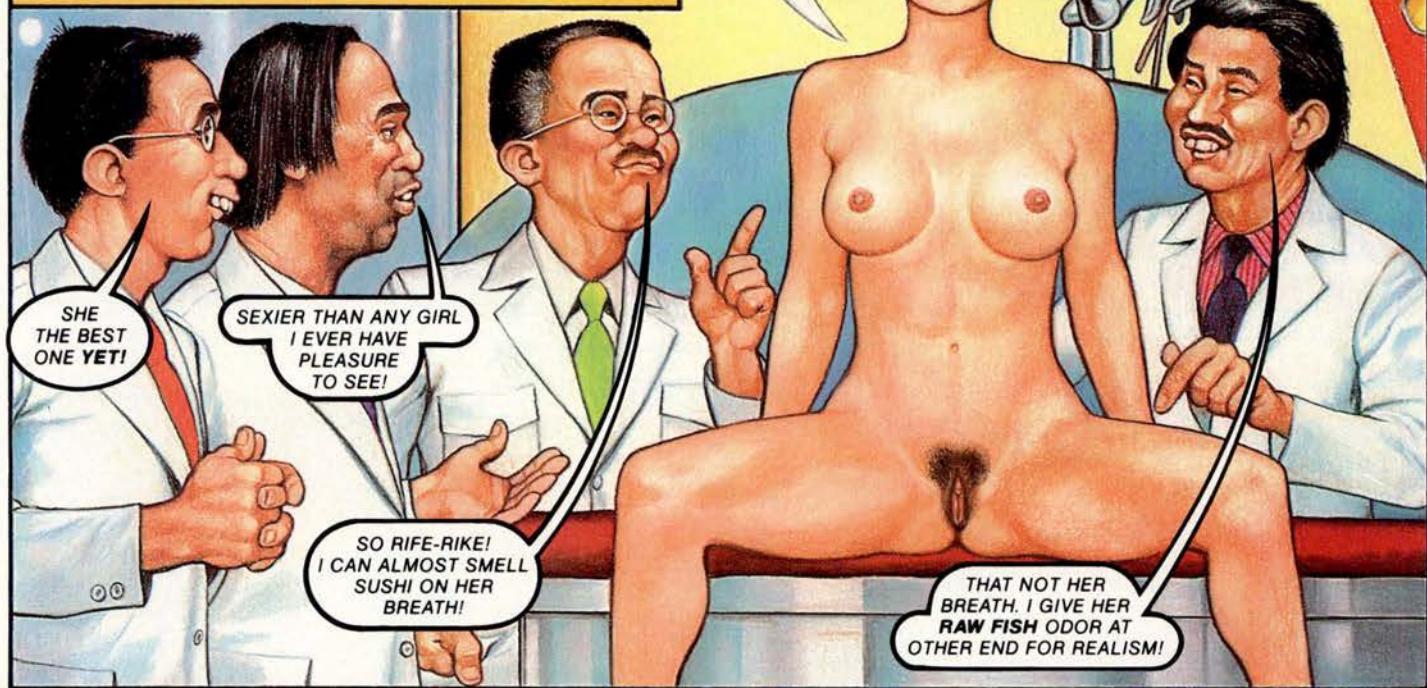
★ Injecting cocaine directly into the vein has been called the perfect high by those who do it. But Michael Ross's DOPE column shows that mainlining can also produce psychosis, addiction and sometimes death.

★ Plus, MUSIC NOTES unveils CHIC's selections for the best rock music of the year. SEX LIFE looks at an exciting new form of contraception, TRIVIA TRIP reveals amazing facts and ODDS & ENDS takes a look at the weird side of life.

**MAY ISSUE ON SALE NOW!**

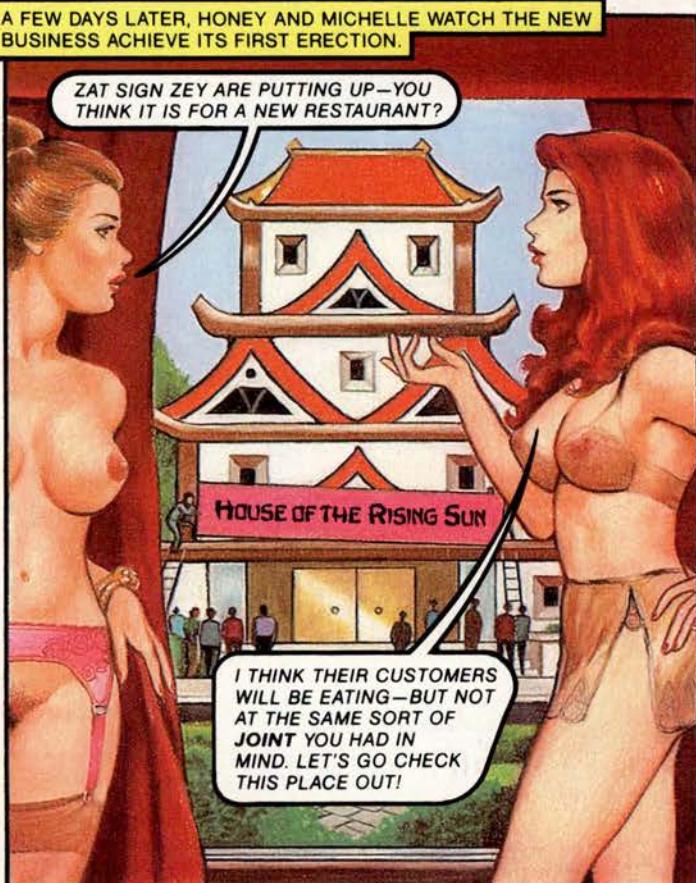
# Honey

AT A QUICK GLANCE YOU MIGHT THINK THAT'S HONEY'S GIRL POON TANG ENTERTAINING A GROUP OF "NUTTY PROFESSOR" LOOK-ALIKES AT A JAPANESE CAR CONVENTION. BUT YOU'D BE WRONG. THE OBJECT OF THIS GROUP'S ATTENTION IS NOT ONLY NOT ONE OF HONEY'S GIRLS—SHE'S NOT EVEN HUMAN!



THAT'S RIGHT. THESE MEN HAVE CREATED THE SUPPOSEDLY PERFECT SEX MACHINES—ROBOT HOOKERS! AND THEY'RE ABOUT TO OPEN UP SHOP RIGHT NEXT TO HONEY'S PLACE!

A FEW DAYS LATER, HONEY AND MICHELLE WATCH THE NEW BUSINESS ACHIEVE ITS FIRST ERECTION.



HONEY'S FEARS PROVE TRUE AS SHE ARRIVES AT THE DOOR OF HER NEW COMPETITION.

WELCOME TO FIRST HIGH-TECHNOLOGY BROTHEL!

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

OUR GIRLS PROMISE: SMOOTH RIDE,  
LOW "STICK 'ER" PRICE, LOW GASH MILEAGE!

OUR GIRLS ARE STATE-OF-ART!

HMM. THIS COULD RUIN MY BUSINESS.  
I'D BETTER NIP THIS SNEAK ATTACK IN THE BUD.

THE SCIENTIST BRINGS THE CROWD INSIDE TO INTRODUCE HIS NEW LINEUP.

THROUGH SUPERIOR JAPANESE WORKMANSHIP,  
WE BRING AMERICA HIGH-QUALITY FUCKIE-SUCKIE, YES? EACH GIRL A RE-CREATED PEARL OF THE ORIENT!

LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE UNDERMINING AMERICAN BUSINESS AND RE-CREATING PEARL OF THE HARBOR!

YOU NO LIKE MY GIRLS, YANKEE SLUT?

YOU CAN'T PUT SEXUALITY ON MICRO-CHIPS!

MY ROBOTS TAKE MORE COCK THAN YOU ANY DAY!

LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS, BUSTER.

THESE MACHINES ARE AWESOME!

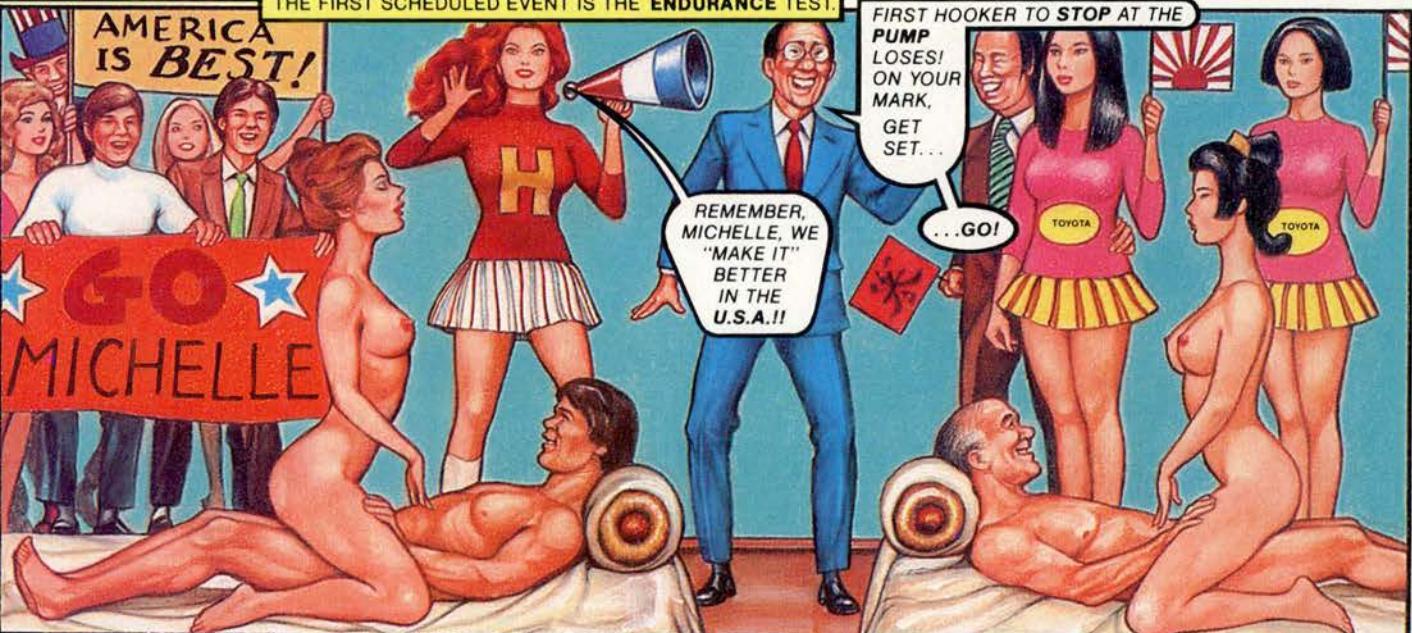
MY GIRLS MAKE THESE MECHANICAL JAPS LOOK LIKE ZEROES!

I CHALLENGE YOU TO A SEX "ROAD TEST."

WE ACCEPT!

THE NEXT DAY, AFTER A FEW QUICK PREPARATIONS, THE CONTEST GETS UNDERWAY.  
THE FIRST SCHEDULED EVENT IS THE ENDURANCE TEST.

AMERICA IS BEST!



FIRST HOOKER TO STOP AT THE PUMP LOSES! ON YOUR MARK, GET SET...

...GO!

REMEMBER, MICHELLE, WE "MAKE IT" BETTER IN THE U.S.A.!!

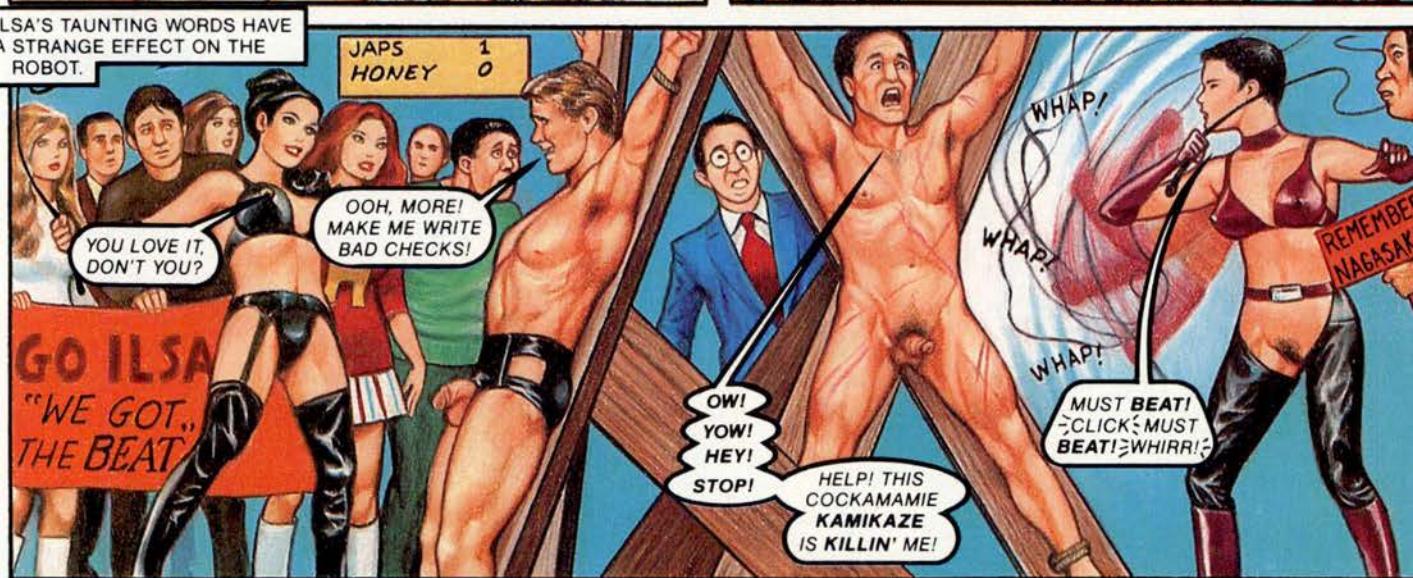
THE ACTION IS FAST AND FURIOUS, BUT A COUPLE OF HOURS IS AS FAR AS MICHELLE CAN GO.



ALTHOUGH HONEY'S GIRLS LOSE THE ENDURANCE TEST, ILSA ENTERS THE S&M COMPETITION WITH PLENTY OF CONFIDENCE.



ILSA'S TAUNTING WORDS HAVE A STRANGE EFFECT ON THE ROBOT.



THE SCIENTIST IS FORCED TO SHUT THE MACHINE OFF.



THE JAPANESE DON'T FARE ANY BETTER IN THE WATER-SPORTS EVENT.



AS A STORM BREWS OUTSIDE, THE FINAL CONTEST IS BREWING INSIDE ...  
THE ORGY COMPETITION!

THE GROUP WITH FEWER EMPTY CAVITIES AT END OF ALLOTTED TIME WINS. THIS PROVE WHO CAN PROLONG MAN'S PLEASURE

BETTER, ONCE AND FOR ALL!

WE'RE READY.

REMEMBER—WE ARE DRIVEN!

SUDDENLY...!

CRACK!

OH, NO!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW—  
A GOOD OL' U.S. ELECTRICAL  
STORM BREAKS THE DIVINE  
WIND!

WE HAVE LOST FACE AND MUST COMMIT HARA-KIRI!  
READY...

WAIT!

A FEW WORDS FROM HONEY STOP THE JAPANESE FROM  
TAKING THE PLUNGE.

THERE'S NO SHAME IN LOSING  
THIS CHALLENGE. MAYBE YOU GUYS CAN MAKE CARS THAT  
TALK, BUILD POCKET-SIZE TVs AND WASTE GODZILLA  
—BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT JUST CAN'T  
BE IMPROVED BY TECHNOLOGY.

THE  
END

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

**Edited by Lonn M. Friend**

## UNCUT ANNIE

In your January 1983 column you mentioned the difficulty in acquiring the uncensored version of the videotape *Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle* because of the golden-showers sequence in the film. Is there anyone who does sell the unedited *Annie*?

—T. T.  
Carson City, Nevada

There is a company that distributes the original uncut *Annie* you're looking for: *ACN Products* (P.O. Box 658, Long Branch, NJ 07740). It's got an impressive array of adult film and video titles. In addition to *Annie*, *ACN* carries the hard-to-find 1980 classic *The Tigresses*, with Vanessa Del Rio in one of the hottest fist-insertion scenes ever filmed. These and all other feature-length videotapes in *ACN's* catalog are available for \$69.95 each, plus \$2.50 shipping and handling per tape.

*ACN* also carries the exclusive series of the superb German *Tabu* videotape loops. Especially erotic are Volume #1 (containing the sexy shorts "Der Erste Schrei" and "Obsession X") and Volume #2 ("Miss Bohrloch," "Die Lollos" and "Bad Mosee"). Forget what the titles mean in English; these wild-and-wet sexploits say "hard-on" in any language. For example, in "Obsession X" a hospitalized man suffering from hallucinations is fucked stupid by a TV weatherwoman right there in his hospital room—while rain and snow fall on them in bed.

Imaginative? For hard-core, hell, yes! And at \$44.95 for each one-hour volume (plus the same shipping and handling cost), they're a super bargain. When ordering, please specify VHS or BETA format.

*ACN* has a fine selection of both European and American 8mm and Super 8 loops as well. All films and tapes are hard-core and top quality.

## LOST ENLARGER

Way back in August of last year I ordered a penis enlarger from *Organ-X* (P.O. Box 30529, Los Angeles, CA 90030) through an ad on page 134 of the April 1982 *HUSTLER*. I've written the company, but to this date I've received nothing. Can you help?

—M. B.

Glenburie, Maryland

Once again we have a case of "it got lost in the mail." We spoke with the people at *Organ-X*, and they told us that M. B.'s order was shipped on September 15, 1982. They also said the product never was returned in the mail. So there's a stranger somewhere with M. B.'s \$25 penis enlarger.

After a bit of coaxing from us, *Organ-X* agreed to resend the item to M. B. at no charge. He should have his enlarger by now. If you think you've been screwed by the post office and/or an adult-products company and have exhausted all avenues to get your goods (including contacting the company itself), drop us a line. We can't guarantee that we'll get you your product, because every situation is different. But sometimes a nudge from us will help set things straight for a mail-order customer who has a legitimate complaint.

## THREEWAY PHONE

If you're getting bored with the usual one-on-one telephone fantasy services, we've discovered a company that's taken the art of audio sex a giant step further. Through the magic of technology a new company called *Fantasy Calls* has introduced three-way phone sex. Now you and two partners can burn up Ma Bell's lines.

According to Janet Wood, proprietor of *Fantasy*, phone sex is finally becoming more creative. "Most of our requests come from men who want to talk to two of our girls at the same

time," says Wood. "But sometimes a man will call and have to talk to his girlfriend and has one of us in on the conversation. We can arrange that if his girlfriend is across the street or across the country."

Ms. Wood boasts that her girls are so friendly, customers have gotten off just reciting their credit-card information before their fantasy has even begun. "We must have given away dozens of freebies that way," she laughs. At any rate, *Fantasy* can be a new and sexually stimulating experience for the lover of telephone erotica.

The cost of one *Fantasy* girl is \$35 for the first 20 minutes. Two *Fantasy* girls to stroke your ear costs \$50, and a three-way call with one *Fantasy* girl and another party of your choice at a different number is also \$50. Each additional minute after the initial 20 is \$1. *Fantasy* accepts VISA and MasterCard, and will take money orders by mail. To get in touch with this service, dial (213)767-GIRL. *Fantasy* will prove that there's never a crowd on the phone.

## THE REEL LENGTH

Back in January of this year we told you that *Caballero Control Corporation*, one of the nation's largest adult-film producers, was cutting the length of its 8mm and Super 8 loops down to a measly 110 feet per reel. Well, it's been brought to our attention that *Caballero* has changed its mind. The reel length on all loops in the *Collection* and *Swedish Erotica* series (both manufactured by *Caballero*) will return to the industry standard of approximately 132 feet.

A spokesman for *Caballero* told us the change back to the longer loops was prompted by "complaints from loyal customers." We've heard that pressure from other filmmakers may also have coaxed *Caballero's* decision. But whatever the reason, we're happy that the firm has chosen to go back to the longer reels.

Although we indicated last January that loop lengths ranged from 170 to 190 feet of film each, it has actually been at least three or four years since those quantities were found on a reel. The present industry norm is about 132 feet.

We'll try and keep you abreast of the quantity as well as the quality of all products on the adult-film market.

# MAIL-ORDER MANIA

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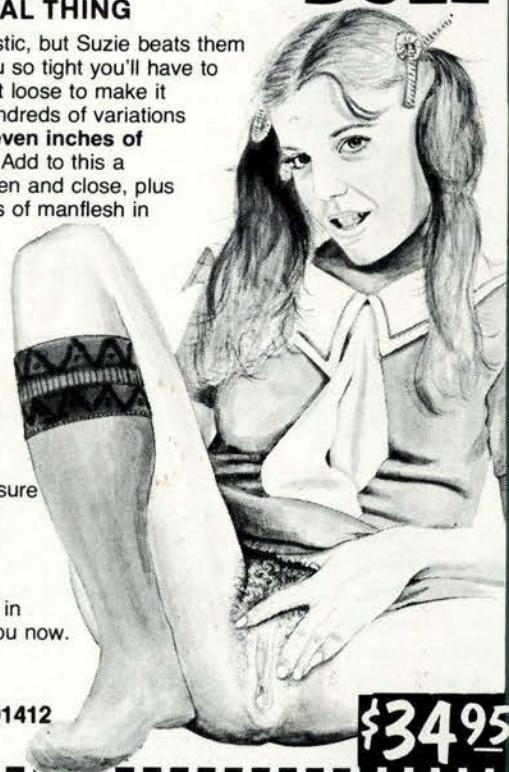
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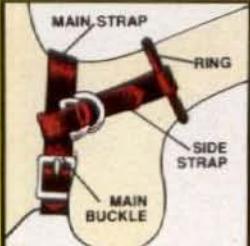
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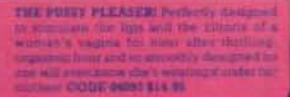


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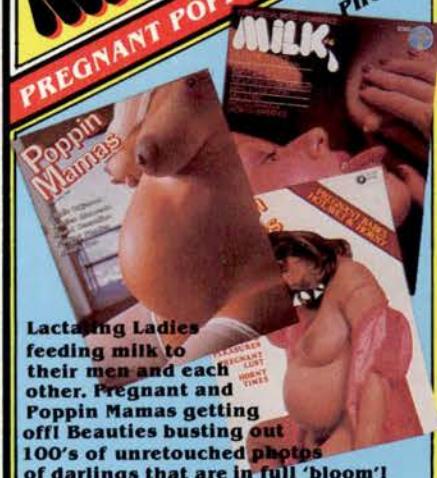
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\$4.95**

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It's really the sneaky way to drive them crazy! Just a few drops of this spurious oil while you're giving an "innocent massage" and the next thing you know she's confused and crazy with a lust and desire she never knew she could feel!

**CODE 0026  
\$8.95**

**SAVE MONEY!  
All Three  
Magic Drops  
For Just  
\$12.95!  
CODE  
05637**

Control Your Love Skills...  
**SHOW THEM YOU'RE THE BEST!**

## SPURIOUS SPANISH FLY DROPS

We all know what Spanish Fly is used for! These drops can make it all happen! **CODE 05306 \$4.95**

## SPURIOUS NYMPHOMANIAC DROPS

This banana formula will help her do what she never dreamed she would before! **CODE 05553 \$4.95**

## SPANISH FLY DROPS

strawberry flavored  
1 fluid oz.

## SPURIOUS HARD-ON DROPS

She'll plead for mercy from your mighty, thrusting weapon! With these coconut-flavored drops! **CODE 05488 \$4.95**

## MOTION LOTION—HEATS YOU UP!



Here's a special formula that gets hot when you blow on it and creates erotic new sensations for your pecker and her pussy that will inspire you both to whole new areas of satisfying sex! Try it on nipples, ear lobes, anywhere!

**CODE 07854  
\$4.95**

## ERECTION ROLL-ON LOTION

Roll on this mint-flavored lotion and watch your cock respond! She'll love your "new, improved weapon!" **CODE 03954  
\$8.95**

## SPANISH FLY SUGAR

Just a drop in a drink can make that shy (but secretly horny) young lady the victim of her own crazy lust! **CODE 08243 \$4.95**



## KNOCK-OUT PILLS

Here's a perfect aid for those who love experimentation and sexual adventures! **CODE 05207 \$5.95**

## SPURIOUS KNOCK-OUT PILLS

She'll never know who did it with these high potency spurious knock-out pills! **CODE 05207 \$5.95**

## HYPNOTIC PILLS

Cast your own horny spell on any woman with these spurious hypnotic pills! **CODE 05041 \$5.95**

## New! ANDROS

It contains Androstenone—the sexual scent of the male animal that attracts women as if they were "in heat."

**Full 2 Fl. Oz.  
Just \$9.95  
CODE 00471**



## PROLONG SPRAY

The ideal friend for the man who wants to last and last and last without having the girl know, "How does he do it? He gives me so much more cock than other men!" Just a quick spray and you've given your stiff cock enough lasting power to take on a girl's dormitory!



**Valentine Products, Inc., P.O. Box 6400, Newtown, CT 06470**

**Dept. CP312**

Please rush me the items I have circled below in a plain package. Enclosed is my check or money order to cover the cost of the items plus \$1.95 for each item ordered to cover postage and handling. (CT residents add sales tax.) Please include my free copy of the latest Valentine Products catalog.

I prefer not to order now. Enclosed find \$2. Please send me the latest Valentine catalog.

<b>Code 03574</b>	<b>\$4.95</b>	<b>Code 09076</b>	<b>\$5.95</b>	<b>Code 08276</b>	<b>\$4.95</b>
<b>Code 03657</b>	<b>\$7.95</b>	<b>Code 05041</b>	<b>\$5.95</b>	<b>Code 07854</b>	<b>\$4.95</b>
<b>Code 08243</b>	<b>\$4.95</b>	<b>Code 05207</b>	<b>\$5.95</b>	<b>Code 00026</b>	<b>\$8.95</b>
<b>Code 06023</b>	<b>\$5.95</b>	<b>Code 04036</b>	<b>\$8.95</b>	<b>Code 00471</b>	<b>\$9.95</b>
<b>Code 08326</b>	<b>\$5.95</b>	<b>Code 03954</b>	<b>\$8.95</b>	<b>Code 00547</b>	<b>\$12.95</b>

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Signature (I am over 18 years of age) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

BankAmericard (Visa)  Master Charge

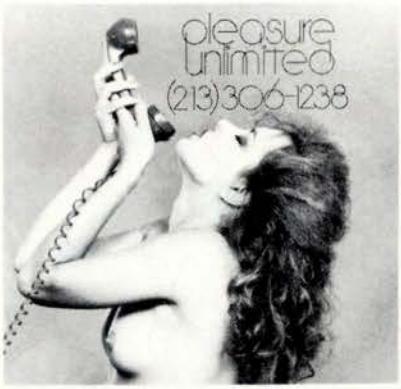
Interbank No. \_\_\_\_\_

Mo. Yr. \_\_\_\_\_

Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

These products also available to Canadian residents from: T.L.C. Marketing Inc., P.O. Box 722, Niagara Falls, Ontario L2E6V5. Please add 25% to price shown for duty, taxes and exchange. All Canadian orders shipped from within Canada.

**CODE 04036  
\$8.95**



pleasure  
unlimited  
(213) 306-1238

OUR GIRLS ARE HERE WAITING TO SHARE  
YOUR MOST INTIMATE SEXUAL FANTASIES  
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

## REAL SEX OVER THE PHONE . . .

My hot juicy cunt  
wants to cum with  
you . . .  
Hurry. Call Now  
Ask for Mickey

VISA/MC 24 Hour FREE Long Distance Call Backs . . .  
**(213) 271-4249**



## RED HOT SEX CALLS

Let  
Tiffany get you  
off NOW!!  
Enjoy live and  
unrestricted  
phone SEX . . .

**CALL NOW**  
**1-714-966-1491** MASTERCARD & VISA  
24 hours

## JACKIE'S PHONE SEX

"Please,  
Talk Dirty  
to Me!"  
- Jackie

**(213) 656-4310**

### Fantasy Phone

TOLL FREE # (EXCEPT MICHIGAN)  
**1-(800) 521-7008**

#### Discreet & Sensual

- Hot Loving!



Any Phone Request.  
One of our sexy girls will  
immediately call you back.

7 DAYS - 24 HOURS  
**(313) 543-8500**

M.C./Visa

### Hot, ready, waiting . . .



**PS PHONE SEX  
INTERNATIONAL**  
**(213) 934-2249** ALL MAJOR  
CREDIT CARDS

### Nicole's Fantasy Hotline



Please Call Me So I Have Someone To Share My  
Sexual Fantasies With Via Telephone

**Call (415) 931-4200**

VISA & MASTERCARD



Fantazize With A  
**Beverly Hills  
Sexpot!**  
Class can be naughty too! Let me  
share your deepest sexual  
secrets I'm waiting now  
**(213) 657-5580**  
Master Card or Visa

## Bridget's Fantasy Hotline

VISA/MC

I hear you've got  
fantasies! So do I.  
I'm Bridget.  
Cum Fantasizing with  
me. One ring brings  
instant climax. Call me.  
**(213) 858-1880**



### Dial A Fantasy

Let's Do  
It By  
Phone!  
We don't  
come to you,  
We CUM  
with you.



24 Hour Service

1 (213) 996-5900

Mastercard or Visa Accepted.

## Lets Get Off Together By Phone

Guys, Girls, Couples  
we love it all! Call us  
right now  
**(213) 652-9370**  
M.C. or Visa

P.S. for color photos of me send  
\$10 to 315 E. Hillcrest Suite 244  
Inglewood, CA. 90301

Girls, Guys, Couples  
& Bi's names and  
phone numbers in your  
area who want to meet  
you. Call Easy  
**1-901-327-8811**

Call me for some erotic  
loving over the phone and  
have it your way.  
Call Easy 1-901-327-8008  
P.O. Box 22695, Memphis, TN 38122



**YOUR NAME & ADDRESS IS  
WORTH 100'S OF DOLLARS  
IN **FREE** HARDCORE  
MERCHANDISE. Choose from**

**RED-HOT  
COLOR FUCK FILMS**

**FREE**

- 1 TWO HOLE HOUSEWIFE - She's stripped, spread wide open and filled to overflowing by two big dicks!!
- 2 SCREAMING FUCKERS - Wild screaming climaxes make these four nymphos beg for more cocks!!
- 3 SUCK-OFF STUDENT - Gushing action as she sucks three cocks into exploding pleasure!!
- 4 FIRST TIME ASS FUCKER - Fingers, cocks and dildos all fit tight and deep. She loves it!
- 5 BIG HARD—LITTLE HOLE - She spreads her little hole wide and he spreads it even wider!
- 6 COED COCKSUCKER - Dripping homework that has her licking up every last drop!
- 7 TWO COCKS ONE CUNT - Hot, wet and tight double penetration action!! Every hole is filled!!
- 8 LITTLE HOT PANTIES - Her hot pussy and wet panties make a perfect playground!
- 9 PERVERTED SEX - Unusual desires are fully satisfied in this lusty action film!!
- 10 CLIMAX - Pain becomes pleasure as she succumbs to climaxing ecstasy!
- 11 FUCK AND SUCK ORGY - A pajama party becomes a cum-filled passion party!! Hot, wet action!
- 12 CLASS OF 69 - A wild frenzy of after school fucking and sucking as only they can do it!!

**BIZARRE  
SEX MAGAZINES**

**FREE**

1. THE CUM SUCKERS
2. ASS FUCKED FEMALES
3. JUICY CUNT CLOSE-UPS
4. FIRST TIME FUCKERS
5. TIED-UP TARTS
6. PLEASURE SETS
7. BIG HOLE-LITTLE HOLE
8. ORGASM ORGIES
9. BARNYARD BALLERS
10. PEACHFUZZ PERVERTS
11. HUGE CUTNS & COCKS
12. BIZARRE SEX CRIMES

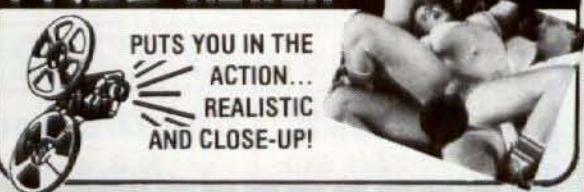
**SEX PILLS  
And STIMULATORS**

**FREE**

- 1 KNOCK OUT PILLS - Fast acting powerful placebos. Safe!
- 2 ERECTION PILLS - Safe spurious stimulator for fast action!
- 3 CLIMAX DELAY - Aids for premature ejaculation. Enjoy sex!
- 4 SPANISH FLY AROUSAL FORMULA - Turn her into a wet & wild nympho! Use with alcohol.
- 5 FEMALE ORGASM FORMULA - Make her come again & again with extra sensual sensations!
- 6 MALE CLIMAX INTENSIFIER - Longer, stronger climaxes for the ultimate sensations!!
- 7 STAY-HARD FORMULA - Keep it hard and stay hot for hours!
- 8 FRENCH TICKLER - Slips over the penis to drive her wild!!
- 9 LATEX RUBBER PENIS - Put her in the mood and get turned on yourself watching her!
- 10 BELTLESS PENIS ENLARGER - Slips over penis to add inches! She'll think it's the real you!!
- 11 SWINGERS PHONE BOOK - Red hot phone numbers of young girls & women looking for sex.
- 12 WHOREHOUSE GUIDE - Where to go, what you get and pay!!

**FREE CLOSE-UP  
VIEWER**

**WITH ANY  
FILM ORDER**



**EVERYTHING  
IN THIS AD IS...  
FREE!**

**HOW**

Select as many items as you want absolutely **FREE!** Send us your order form with your name, address and small postage fee. Receive your items by return mail along with our discount catalog. (Shipping fee refunded on any order from our catalog.)

**WHY**

We don't believe in gimmicks or ripoffs. We are willing to show you the quality of our merchandise and super fast service before you buy from us. If you are looking for quick delivery of the hottest material at the lowest prices we know, you'll be satisfied and come back for more.

**ORDER FORM**

**PROMOTIONAL MERCHANDISING, DEPT. HU-71  
BOX 27041, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90027**

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ postage for items ordered

**COLOR FUCK FILMS**

1  2  3  4  5  6  7  8  9  10  11  12

**BIZARRE SEX MAGAZINES**

1  2  3  4  5  6  7  8  9  10  11  12

**SEX PILLS & STIMULATORS**

1  2  3  4  5  6  7  8  9  10  11  12

**NOTE: Postage and shipping rates refunded on first order!**

5 Items \$5  12 Items \$10  24 Items \$15  36 Items \$20

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

SEND ME MY FREE VIEWER WITH ITEMS SELECTED!

I WANT IMMEDIATE RUSH DELIVERY. I'VE ADDED \$1.

## ELECTRIC VACUUM

IF YOU ARE SERIOUS ABOUT  
COCK  
ENLARGEMENT  
NEW HEAVY DUTY ELECTRIC  
VACUUM SYSTEM  
Adds 2" to 3" in length, but more  
amazing it can double or triple your  
thickness.  
This system is so powerful that you will  
never need to use full power—however  
the vacuum can be adjusted up or down.  
There are just too many success stories  
on this one to pass it up.

SIMPLY  
THE MOST POWERFUL  
SYSTEM YOU CAN  
PURCHASE ANYWHERE  
TO ENLARGE THE  
COCK

Also it creates greater potency by  
increasing the blood supply, which also  
enables the circumference to expand so  
drastically.

Our brochure will give you telephone  
numbers of people who are presently  
using this system, also complete  
instructions on where to buy and how to  
set up your own system.

Brochure — \$8.95 — refundable if  
machine is purchased. MARK IV, Dept L  
25108 B. Marguerite Pkwy.—B-45  
Mission Viejo, CA 92692

ELECTRIC VACUUM



## I NEED IT-BAD

Sometimes I get the itch  
so bad that all 113 pounds  
of me cries out to be  
crammed full of your love.  
Are you man enough for  
me? If you think so, I'll  
send you 8 photos of me  
nude, posed just the way  
you'd want me. Please  
enclose \$3 to cover the  
costs. Please hurry!

DEBBIE GREENE,  
P.O. Box 483-N66  
Bridgeport, Ohio 43912  
(P.S. I'm not a pro, but a  
real small town girl with  
an itch for the big time.)

## LET'S CUM TOGETHER



VISA/MC 24 Hour FREE Long Distance Call Backs . . .

**(213) 271-4240**

I'm Hot  
and Horny

Ask for Judi

## CANDY'S LIVE PHONE SEX

Talk to a Sexy Girl Now!



I HAVE BEAUTIFUL, HORNY GIRLFRIENDS  
who love sharing their fantasies or joining yours  
to get you off over the phone.

PL-E-A-S-E call me now... or one of my girlfriends at  
**(1) (202) 328-0733** 24 hrs.—Visa·Master Charge  
and other major credit cards.

## ERCTION PROBLEMS?

Our formula borrows upon centuries old herbal remedies. American Indians discovered so called "miracle drugs" in nature...like ASPIRIN in birch bark, QUININE in chin-chona, DIGITALIS in foxglove. Their big discovery was DAMIANA, which they used as a stimulant for long, powerful erections. Since the 8th century the Chinese have used GINSENG to increase their sexual power, while in Central America natives have used SARSAPARILLA for the same purpose. Our formula combines all of these legendary products into a single capsule for daily use. We call it SUPER MALE TONIC. An agency of the U.S. Govt., without clinical tests, has restricted us from labeling SUPER MALE TONIC as an aphrodisiac. We make no such claim. But we have had THOUSANDS OF REPEAT CUSTOMERS since we started selling it in 1974.

If you have erection worries and are looking  
for relief we can promise you this: You  
won't be sorry you tried Super Male Tonic.

60 capsules . . . . . \$ 8.95  
 180 capsules (save \$6.90) . . . only \$19.95  
(PLEASE ADD \$1 POSTAGE, CALIF.  
RESIDENTS ADD 6% SALES TAX)

ORGON PHARMACAL, Dept. M387  
Box 30529, Los Angeles, CA 90030

# Phone SEX

(213)  
**652-2610**

ASK FOR ME  
"BLONDIE"



\$20  
between  
2 & 5 A.M.

"I Will Spread My Pussy Open & Masturbate  
Just For You"

**(213) 652-2610**

**FREE Long Distance Call Back**

Am. Exp.

M.C. & Visa

24-hrs.

YOUR MISTRESS  
IS  
WAITING



She will fulfill  
all your fetishes  
and fantasies on  
the telephone

**CALL  
MISTRESS MORGAN**

**(212) 582-8181**

7 DAYS — 24 HOURS  
MASTER CHARGE AND VISA

This is a vintage-style advertisement for explicit X-rated films. The top half features a large title 'Explicit X-RATED Films' in a stylized font, with 'Reg. 8mm, Super 8mm' and 'Featuring: THE TWELVE HOTTEST SEX SCENES In "Caught From Behind"' below it. To the left, there's a vertical column of film stills with captions like 'HOP-ALONG DONG', 'CREAMY CHEEKS', 'TRIPLE TREAT', 'DOUBLE CUM LOAD', 'CUM SHINE', 'DRIPPING SNATCH', and 'READY TO CUM'. To the right, another column shows 'READY TO CUM', 'SWEET N' WET', 'WILD FOR COCK', 'BLOW JOB', '3-WAY CUM!', and 'FRENCH REST'. The central part of the ad contains promotional text for 'Matching Video' (Full-Length 90 Minute Feature in Full Dolby Sound), 'SENSUAL ANAL-ORAL EROTICA', and '7 Mouthwatering PORN STARLETS! 21 Unbelievable WET Cum-Shots!' It also lists 'Film Prices' (\$14.95 or \$14.95 for one film, \$36.00 for five, \$60.00 for all twelve) and a 'Guaranteed 100% Hard Core or Your Money Back!' offer. At the bottom, there's a section for 'Video Film Magazines' with a 'PREMIERE DISCOUNT PRICES!' offer and a row of magazine covers for 'CUM SHINE', 'Cum Load', 'BLOW JOB', 'DRIPPING SNATCH', 'HOP-ALONG DONG', and 'FRENCH REST'. The bottom right corner has a 'Bonus!' section with 'ALL 12 FILMS! ALL 9 MAGS! You Pay Only \$75'.



**SHERRI'S** **LIVE  
PHONE  
SEX**

*The Way  
You  
Like It!*

Call Me  
Now And  
I'll Cum  
Just For  
You...

MC/VISA AMEX (213) 479-4611

## SWINGERS HOT LINE

- NAMES & PHONE NUMBERS OF SWINGING GIRLS, GUYS COUPLES & BIS IN YOUR AREA ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU.
- **FREE SERVICE Since 1966**
- CALL NOW 1-901-458-6593
- P.O.BOX 22705 Memphis, Tn. 38122

## Free Phone Sex

- **GET OFF OVER THE PHONE**
- Call Our Sexy Ladies or Have Them Call You!
- Call Now 1-901-452-5786
- P.O.BOX 22705 Memphis, Tn. 38122

PLenty  
HORNY  
ONLY  
NEED  
EARS

NEED TO  
GET OFF?  
CALL US NOW!  
Fantasy Phones

(213) 767-GIRL 24  
767-4475 HOURS  
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED



**BE  
DOMINATED!**

BY  
PHONE



MC/VISA only  
24 hours

CALL: (212) 741-0216

*I'd Love To Share My Sexual Fantasies*

My friends & I are always horny, so please don't keep us waiting  
Call Now (213) 659-8953  
M.C. or Visa

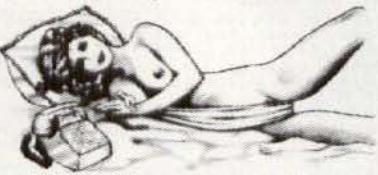
**Naughty But Nice**

DON'T DO IT ALONE!  
Please call me 213-659-8953 now.  
I'd love to share my sexual fantasies  
With you too.

**JULIES HOT LINE**

Hi, my name is Julie. I would really like you to call me, so I have someone to share my fantasies with, via telephone

1 (415) 775-6868



P.S. Make sure you are alone, so we don't get interrupted.

**PRIVATE PHONE AFFAIRS**

Sex Calls



Visa/MC

HORNY LADIES are waiting to talk about Your Fantasies and GET OFF with You OVER THE TELEPHONE. Cum as You Please!

(213) 657-3144

**Little Magazines and Movies** 200 FT.  
THE KIND YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT. WE'VE GOT THEM!  It's So Big  Can I Touch It  
 Let Me Kiss It  Feels Good  
SPECIFY  MAGS  FILMS  
\$4 EACH, 2 FOR \$6, ALL 4 FOR \$10

**BACK DOOR GIRLS!**  
GIRLS WHO BEG YOU TO SHOVE IT UP  
THEIR ASS 'TIL IT COMES OUT OF THEIR EARS.

PHOTO BOOK \$2  MAG \$3  FILM \$3  ALL 3 ONLY \$5

**girls TENDER and TIGHT**  
Sweet snatch. Budding tits. The surprise passion of early climax.  
REG. PRICE \$6 SPECIAL!  \$4 EA.  
 BOTH MAGS \$7 New Magazines  
HORIZON Each Month  
BOX 1381 DEPT. 5015  
STUDIO CITY, CA 91604

## 2 FAST ACTING FORMULAS!

### Liquid SPANISH FLY

Use on the coldest women to heat them up fast! Motivates body action and urges her to desire you. No harmful effects. Just drop in food or drink and boost your make-out score!  one bottle \$5  Special! 3 for only \$10

and be ready for the action with... **ERECTOS**

Have large and prolonged erections for extended periods. Use a few drops of ERECTOS and achieve fantastic results. You'll hang in there for as long as you want. She'll love you for it — so be prepared for this one!

one bottle \$5  Special! 3 for only \$10

SAVE \$5 extra! 6 bottles (3 each) only \$15

Send cash, check or M.O. to: LIQUIDS Dept. 5015  
1626 N. Wilcox, Hollywood, California 90028

**JOHN HOLMES PERSONAL ENLARGER**

The ONLY pump in the WORLD personally endorsed by the KING himself!

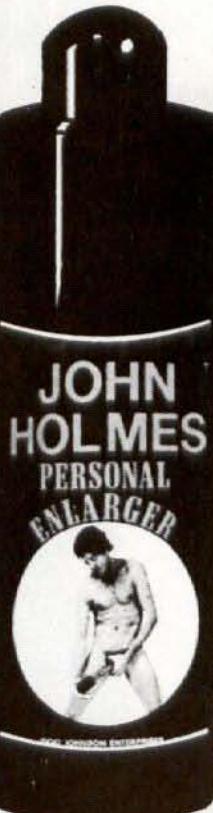
Get what you pay for. Don't settle for second best!

Accept no imitations; there is only ONE JOHN HOLMES and only ONE JOHN HOLMES PERSONAL ENLARGER.

Ask for stock number 1262.

Send \$21.95 today plus \$2 postage and handling to:

UNIVERSAL PRODUCTS, Dept. 5015  
1626 N. Wilcox, Hollywood, CA 90028



## Do you want a huge dong?

Have you ever envied those who had them...erect measurements of 9, 10, even 11 inches. We wish we could promise you that 11-inch equivalent of the Hewbrew National Salami, though we'd be lying if we did. But if you are average hung WE CAN AND DO promise you at least an 8-inch ram-rod in less than 8 weeks. Won't she be surprised when she sees it? And won't you feel ten times the man you used to be when you slide it in and reach the end? SAFE TO USE. No drugs to take, no lead weights to wear, no anesthetizing creams to use. And the most amazing part is the price...only \$7.95. Imagine, an 8-or-more-inch cock in 8 weeks or less for just \$7.95...practically nothing when compared to the pleasure you and your partner will derive from it. DON'T WAIT. The sooner you get started the sooner you'll have your new giant ram-rod. Send \$7.95 plus \$1 postage and handling to:

EXER-TONE-PLUS, Box 55093, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

**FREE \$50**  
Worth Of  
SHOCKING-FORBIDDEN!!  
**HARDCORE MAGAZINES!**

If you want outrageous fucking and sucking action from Europe, we'll start you off with fifty bucks worth of absolutely dynamite magazines plus our giant catalog which entitles you to choose many more subjects at savings of up to 70%! Hurry, supply is limited!! Please enclose \*3 postage, refunded on your 1st order!!!

COLOR / WE'LL SEND 4 DIFFERENT MOVIES TO YOU FOR ONLY \$5

DEALER LIQUIDATORS  
Box 85311 Los Angeles, CA 90072

**HORNY?  
I am!**

"I can't get enough"

**I NEED IT-BAD**

"My pussy lips are spread open for you. I need to be crammed full of your love & cum with you."

love,  
Linda

P.S. This is a recent photo of me.

Please call me NOW!

**M/C VISA ONLY**

## PHONE SEX



(415) **864-1071**

## BEST BY MAIL

For Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, FL 33578

\*BE A RENT-A-DATE Girl Anonymously-Everywhere!  
Earn! Call (refundable) \*Hotline: (212) 591-2760, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-2421 - or send call-back time, phone #, age, height to: Hotline, POB 176, Fresh Meadows, N.Y. 11365

\*RENT A DATE! Everywhere America! Your Lovestyle! (Deductible) \*Hotline (212) 969-8752, (212) 591-2760, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-2421 - or send call-back time, phone #, age, height to: Hotline, POB 176, Fresh Meadows, N.Y. 11365

COLLEGE Students! Improve your grades! Termpaper catalog, 306 pages, 10,578 topics. Rush \$1.00. Box 25918(H), Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-8226.

DOUCHING is as easy as showering with our amazing shower douche system. Order contains instructions for assembly, installation, and use. Only \$2.00 to: WWDI, Box 10482, Bakersfield, Ca. 93389

### PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

SWINGERS — Brighten your funlife. Sensual, sophisticated couples/singles. Introductions by phone. Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pa. 17402. (717) 848-1408

BEAUTIFUL Girls, all continents, want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details free! Hermes-Verlag, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, West Germany

MEET sex-starved girls who want you! Tracy (312) 262-9800, P.O. Box 59238(LA), Chicago, Il. 60659

SMELLY PANTIES. Send \$5.00. Cheryl's, POB 0787, Westmont, Il. 60559-0787

SWINGERS Want Single Men! (312) 274-9600, Melinda. Contact us just for you.

PRETTY girls will write you. Sample photo. Joni's, Box 20809(N), Atlanta, Ga. 30320

BECOME An X-Rated Movie Star! Natural fun, good money . . . overweight, glasses ok. Call Darlene Dawn to learn how. (312) 262-6900.

BEAUTIFUL Girls for dating! Free photos, information. Dora, Box 374(HS), San Leandro, Ca. 94577

MOVE Abroad! Women . . . Fun . . . Money Overseas! I'll tell you how. Call Anita Lucas, (312) 262-9030.

STIMULANTS Manufacturer. Tamper proof. Strip paks. AWG, (516) 423-5614.

BEAUTIFUL Girls seek boyfriends! American-Mexican-Oriental-European. Photo selection free. Latins, Box 1716(HL), Chula Vista, Ca. 92012

VOODOO Witchcraft can guarantee money, love, reunion. Action in 7 hours. Doctor Zenn, Telephone (714) 731-6468.

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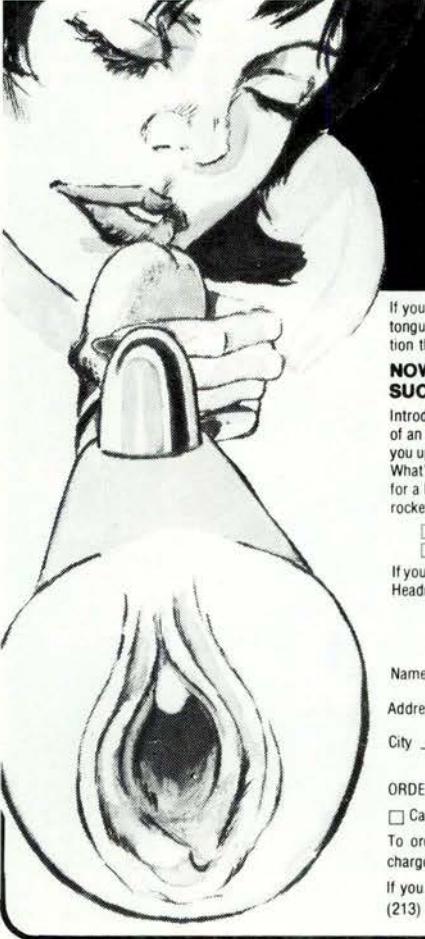
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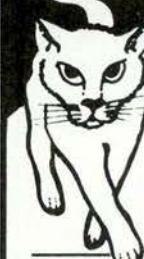
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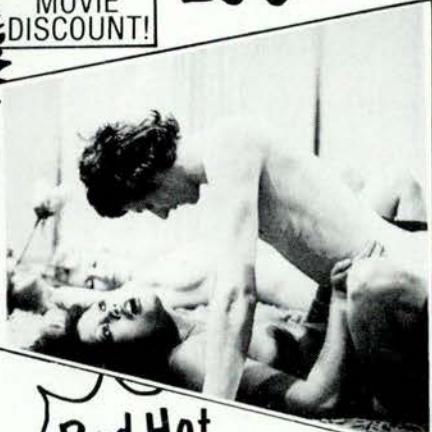
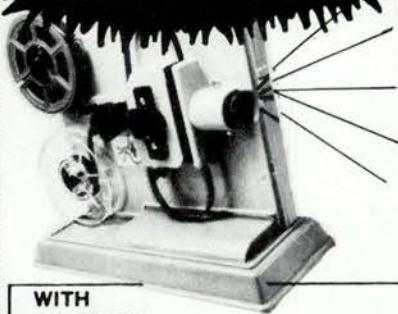
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## CENSORSHIP

(continued from page 58)

cerns. "We are talking about Christianizing America," he says. "It may not be with bullets, and it may not be with rockets and missiles, but it is a war nonetheless. It is a war of ideology; it's a war of ideas; it's a war about our way of life. And it has to be fought with the same intensity and dedication as you would fight a shooting war."

"Thought control" is how Bill Schapp of *Covert Magazine* puts the objectives of today's censors like Weyrich and the Moral Majority. After complaints poured in from right-wing parents in Plano, Texas, for instance, the school board passed rules prohibiting teachers from asking students what they think or believe. To do so would encourage independent thinking, and apparently that goes against the grain of conservative doctrine.

In part because it was emboldened by the Plano success, the Moral Majority and its affiliates now are circulating lists of "DON'TS FOR STUDENTS," which advise them to refuse participation in classroom discussions that begin with such phrases as "What might happen if . . . ?" or "Do you think . . . ?"

The nation's courts—fortunately—are thinking. In many cases, they are vigor-

ously rejecting censorship efforts. Federal Judge Conrad Cyr, for example, recently ordered *365 Days* back into classrooms at Maine's Baileyville High. "As long as words convey ideas, federal courts must remain on First Amendment alert in book-banning cases," he said. "A less vigilant rule would leave care of the flock to the fox who is only after their feathers."

Parental complaints in Minnesota had prompted the banning of films of the Shirley Jackson short story "The Lottery" because the tale is about "the breakdown of family values" and could cause viewers to "question their values, traditions and religious beliefs." A judge sternly overturned the ban.

"What is at stake is the right to receive information and be exposed to controversial ideas—a fundamental First Amendment right," the jurist said. "If these films can be banned by those opposed to their ideological themes, then a precedent is set for the removal of any such work."

And in Georgia, where the state legislature passed a law banning displays of materials that "could arouse minors," U.S. District Judge Horace T. Ward recently ruled that the law was patently unconstitutional. For now at least, *HUSTLER*—which never was intended for sale to minors—and other men's

magazines can remain on display and on sale in that state.

In the long run, the courts—and freedom of expression—will win. But for the short run, there will continue to be casualties of censorship: the banned books, fired librarians, closed bookstores, sterile TV shows and movies.

Just 13 complaining letters convinced sponsor Vidal Sassoon to yank its commercials off *Lou Grant*. Fewer than ten letters trickled into Peter Paul Candies before it removed its ads. Soon enough, CBS pulled the plug on the show itself—and *Lou Grant* was canceled, as much a casualty of a handful of angry, right-wing voices as of marginal ratings.

"These little groups do all the protesting, and people are apathetic," warns Lee Gutman, a librarian in Cheltenham Township, Pennsylvania. "This isn't democratic. They'll be controlling what we can do and what we can watch on television and what we can read."

Observes historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., "We've been through things like this in the past, and we'll get out of it this time too—by objecting."

The forces of censorship can be defeated only if the rest of us make those objections loudly and clearly. The First Amendment gives us that right—a privilege we now must emphatically use. Or we may just lose it forever.

## BOOM BOOM MANCINI

(continued from page 48)

O'Neill. He stopped talking to the press and postponed his next scheduled title defense.

But retirement was never really in the picture. Mancini had worked too hard to get where he was. He wanted to avenge his defeat by Alexis Arguello and unify both the WBA and WBC lightweight crowns. Few were surprised when, 12 days following Kim's death, Mancini announced he would resume boxing.

The fighter has devoted his life to a dream that was his father's before him—the hope of being the best lightweight boxer in the world, the *undisputed* champion. When you've lived all your life with that kind of desire, you don't set it aside so easily—not when you're so close to fulfilling the fantasy. Last February he returned to the ring, winning a close decision over a British challenger.

The death of Duk Koo Kim gave Ray Mancini a frightening glimpse at the nightmare side of his dream. Columnist Jimmy Cannon once wrote about the life of a prizefighter: "You must live by the cruel laws of the ugliest of all sports, or you are fleecing the people who pay to see you fight."

Ray Mancini knows that now.

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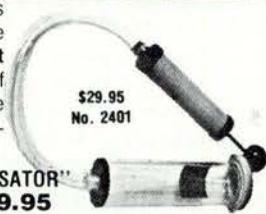
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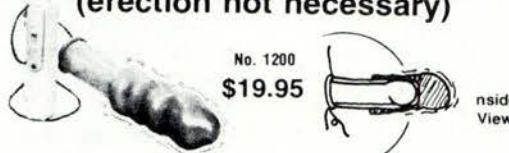
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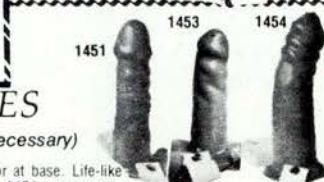
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## SEX PLAY

(continued from page 31)

is suspected, it can be diagnosed with a battery of high-tech scratch tests and blood samplings, in which seminal plasma is injected into the patient in order to gauge her reaction to the substance and isolate the protein involved.

Once the allergy is diagnosed, its prevention is really quite simple: The woman's sexual partner must wear a condom during intercourse with her. The woman must also avoid fellatio or at least stop before ejaculation, since it doesn't matter how seminal plasma gets into her body; the effects are the same whether it enters through the mouth or the vagina.

The second recently discovered sexual allergy involves an allergic reaction to the sperm cells that are carried inside seminal plasma. The condition, known as sperm antibody, can affect both men and women, and it causes infertility. This allergy can cause far-reaching emotional and psychological problems and has led to the painful deterioration of more than a few marriages.

For example, Ron and Diane had been trying desperately for years to have a child. Both come from family-oriented backgrounds, and Diane's inability to conceive was driving the couple crazy.

Diane felt she had failed as a wife and woman. Ron suffered incredible guilt and stress. Both dreaded going to bed. Eventually, the fear of sterility interfered with Ron's ability to become erect.

A counselor referred them to a special fertility clinic. After a series of tests, doctors found that Diane was allergic to Ron's sperm cells. Unlike Nancy, though, Diane was not allergic to the plasma but to the sperm itself. For reasons not fully understood by scientists, Diane's body was producing antibodies against the sperm cells. For conception to take place, the sperm must be able to penetrate the egg waiting in the uterus. However, in Diane's condition, the antibodies surrounded and coated the sperm cells, creating a surface between the sperm and the egg membrane and thus preventing conception.

Doctors believe that about 15% of all couples are infertile and that about 30% of this group are affected by the sperm antibodies. But diagnosing the problem isn't easy. Doctors must determine if the woman is reacting to the male's sperm or if the man is producing antibodies against his own sperm.

This is further complicated by the fact that most men who do produce antibodies against their own sperm have perfectly healthy-looking ejaculations.

"The semen may have a high sperm count, it may have a high motility [the ability of the sperm to swim around inside the semen], and it may look as if nothing is the matter," explains Dr. Sidney Shulman, director of the Sperm Antibody Laboratory at New York Medical College. "It fools the doctors in many cases. But the problem is that those sperm cells all have a coating of antibody molecules."

When the doctor determines the source of the allergy, the patient is usually treated with corticosteroids, a group of specialized hormones that help regulate the body's chemistry. Ron and Diane were lucky. Diane was able to conceive after five months of treatment. For many, though, the treatment is fruitless; doctors report only a 50% success rate in treating the allergy.

Although these sex-related allergies are far less common than many of the sexual diseases that plague our society today, they can, nonetheless, wreak havoc on the lives of their victims—more so because they are so hard to diagnose. But a knowledge of symptoms and an ability to detect the condition is half the battle. Ignorance about sexual matters is never healthy, and in the case of sexual allergies, a lack of knowledge can prove fatal.

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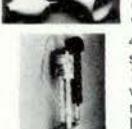
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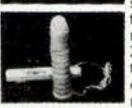
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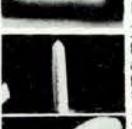
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# NEXT MONTH

June issue on sale April 26, 1983



**JOHN HOLMES EXCLUSIVE!**—The legendary porn star spent ten months in a prison cell rather than risk his life by testifying in a Hollywood murder trial. But now, in an exclusive **HUSTLER** interview, John Holmes speaks out in lurid detail about the trial, prison, drugs and his helter-skelter life as an X-rated superstar.

### UFOs: THE TRUTH—

The debate goes on and on, but what are the facts about UFOs? Why is the government keeping the public in the dark by suppressing numerous verified encounters with unidentified flying objects? In investigative journalist Bruce Henderson's jarring report, he unveils much of that hidden evidence and challenges the government to honor the public's right to know.

**SEXUAL KILLER**—Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome, or AIDS, is a sexually transmitted disease that is currently sweeping the country—and it kills 90% of its victims. Once thought to infect only homosexuals, this affliction has proved that it has no sexual preference by moving into the straight community as well. In June's **Sex Play**, Dr. Richard J. Browning tells you all that's known, and not known, about this mysterious and deadly disease.

**SIZZLING PHOTOS**—No matter what your taste in women may be, June's pictorials offer you guaranteed satisfaction. You'll find a tender and beautiful student named PAULA, who does more than homework in her PRIVATE STUDY. Then you'll peek in on a whip-wielding mistress and her LOVE SLAVE. Next, if you prefer the exotic, you'll be wild about MARIE, our sensuous FRENCH MAIDEN. And best of all is CYNDI, our delicious center-fold, who offers SOMETHING SWEET to satisfy everyone's taste.



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